

WOMEN, SEX AND COCAINE

HIGH TIMES

August 1981

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Exposé:

**The Cocaine
Fascists
Who Rule
Bolivia**

**Growing Dope
in the Desert**

Interview:

**Tommy Rettig's
Life After Lassie**

The Sordid Details start on p. 32

**LSD '81
Designer Acid**

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HIGH TIMES

No. 72 August '81

FEATURES

Interview: Tommy Rettig by Ken Kelley

Quick! What's the name of the towheaded little kid who played Jeff Miller in the "Lassie" show? (Hint: He's also starred in movies with Marilyn Monroe and Robert Mitchum, quit acting after a bad acid trip, and was busted twice by the DEA.)

32

LSD '81: Marketing the Better Blotter by Bob Stearne

Not since the halcyon days of orange sunshine and purple haze has acid felt and looked this good. Get behind a headful of today's "dragon" or "mouse" and you'll see what we mean

38

The Sorcerer's Apprentice: Nikola Tesla, 1856-1953

by Michael Olshan

Everyone knows that Edison invented the light bulb, Marconi the wireless, and Tesla the...er...just as we suspected. Read on and learn who this mad Croat was and why Mickey Rooney never starred in "The Young Nick Tesla Story"

48

Special Grow American/Centerfold: Arizona High-Ways

by The Cactus Kid

This month, "Grow American" takes you to the Sonora Desert in southern Arizona. There, amidst the scorpions, rattlesnakes, Gila monsters and wild pigs, we found some of the fattest, ooziest buds you've ever seen, not to mention a somewhat beguiling centerfold

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The Grown-Up by Tom Disch

Francis Kellerman went to bed a 10-year-old boy and awoke the next morning inside the body of a 26-year-old man. Or did he go to bed a 26-year-old man and wake up with the mind of a 10-year-old boy? "Huh?" Nobody ever said these appearance vs. reality-type trips are easy

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A day in the life of the pope... Pulitzer potential: 40-year-old mary-jane addict discovered... Alex Haig's Inside Straight... Abbott and Costello in Rat City... Thoroughly Modern Morons... Dope Lore

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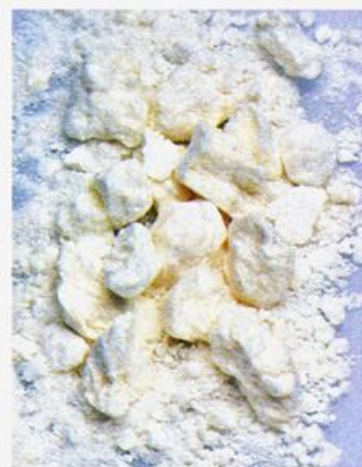
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Cover photo by
Constance Hansen



42 Cocaine Colonialism:
How the Fascists Took
Over Bolivia by the
HIGH TIMES Cocaine Bureau
When Gen. Luis Garcia Meza
and his fascist thugs took over
the Bolivian government last
year, the first thing they did
was to industrialize the
production of coca paste.
Would you buy your blow from
ex-Nazis, right-wing goons and
assorted paramilitary creeps?



60 Al-Kayf: An
Instructive Guide for
Travelers to Morocco
by Sir Dean Latimer, photos by
Sir Laurence Cherniak
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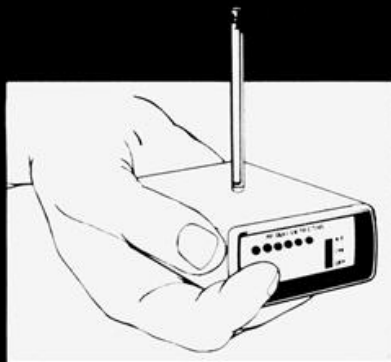
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Flasher



In what at first may appear to be a shocking reversal of established policy, this magazine, this month, is encouraging people *not* to take dope: specifically, to boycott Bolivian cocaine.

This course of action was arrived at after grave and agonizing deliberation. Many of our readers and associates—indeed, personal acquaintances of some of the staff—are bound to sustain substantial capital loss if a Bolivian boycott is mounted nationwide and successfully sustained. We have all appropriate sympathy for these people. We hope this rather extraordinary interruption in the

normal, classically *laissez-faire* conduct of the contraband cocaine traffic will be brief. Its objective is merely the collapse of the fascist junta currently in La Paz, and the restoration of democracy to Bolivia. Since the leaders of that sorrowful nation are entirely dependent on the cocaine traffic for their personal sustenance, a consumer Bolivian boycott should succeed quickly, with minimal loss or hardship for all involved.

The fact is, the preservation of existing democratic traditions in South America is infinitely more important than cocaine or the cocaine traffic. As the High Times Co-

caine Bureau irrefutably illustrates (see page 42), the current Washington administration clearly has no interest itself in preserving these traditions.

It's up to the outlaws, pirates and smugglers of America. The War of Independence was fought and won by outlaws, pirates and smugglers, and this nation was largely founded by them. If the people currently running this country appear to have forgotten how it started, what it's all about, and what keeps it alive and vibrant, a successful Bolivian boycott just might help remind them.

—The staff of HIGH TIMES

Reynolds's Rap

When Michael Reynolds swaggered into our offices back in early February with his black leather jacket and mirrored shades, the secretaries swooned and the editors jockeyed for position. His reputation preceded him: charming, brutal, with a keen interest in quality weaponry. For the few days he was here there was nothing but talk of Ingrams, Uzis and something he called a "rail-gun" which he swore has the theoretical sniper capability of picking someone off at 3,000 miles. We set him up with a fat bankroll and a notebook full of contacts and sent him down to Miami to get the dirt on the Black Tuna (one of the most notorious smuggling operations in recent years). A few days later we received a phone call. He'd been robbed, expense money gone; he'd been seriously threatened, swagger gone. Then this letter came. Look for Reynolds's story on the Black Tuna in an upcoming issue.

HOTEL DU MERDE

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I don't know if a person who has lived in Miami for over five years could write describing the hideous textures, somehow preternaturally alluring, that make for the condition here in the subtropical peninsula. For by that time the lush odoriferous mouth that covers the Dade land has already swallowed the resident's sense that there could be a place still decent in the country... the place should be defoliated, flooded by the sea and the debris floating from the whorish architecture set aflame... and then strafed.

Ok... ok, I know. Get a grip. Nothing is that bad... well, how come I sit here in this thief-ridden hotel and moon over NYC as a haven devoutly to be wished?

...so I'm exaggerating, so what? Fuck you... you're not down here cowering in the sheets expecting the shithouse door to explode on its hinges issuing forth twin jabbering Cubans or Colombians or Rastas or Haitians or some other terminally crazed flotsam from the Caribbean, their heads crammed so full of lethal cocaine and Mount Gay rum their eye sockets run blood and they're waving Ingram M-10s and AutoMag 44s like a couple of banana-boat Toscaninis conducting "The Ride of The Valkyries"... that's the last vision as the beatdown geek writer lunges for his knife and is swallowed in a rain of metal falling @ 1400 ft per second making a once pristine vessel of the Lord look like a shredded kimono...!

Ok... ok I'm forcing the issue, not to mention the writing style... who cares? It's only a matter of time, eh Pancho? No drugs down here boyo, oh no... stupid Reynolds is playing out this paranoid hand fueled only by beer and whiskey... and just as well, I might add... who knows what discomposing tremors and high keening screams would result should I, through whatever vile agency, come upon a mound of that most evil powder, slightly damp and catching the light in its crystals like a coy tart?... Well, I can tell you, it... would be wrong. Wrong, and pound foolish like those New Testament virgins with their smelly oil lamps and dry mons... no, this will come to naught and I will avoid such crippling situations just as soon as I fall onto them... virgins and marching powder, fall full length upon them so's I can test the efficacy of my confirmation back in Kansas City, listening to the high quacking voice of the cardinal, a frail man of dubious... NO NO.

Things are going well. Hope to see you soon. It's sure to be a fun article.

Yrs In Christ,
MREYNOLDS



Vive la France?

Supplementary to Michael Stepanian's column, "Customs" ["Getting Off," February '81], I'd like to inform you about French Customs and their special transit laws. Everybody coming into Roissy-Paris International Airport is getting checked by a computer that is connected to Interpol headquarters in Wiesbad, West Germany, and therefore full of DEA shit. Should your name show up—or even if you just seem suspicious—customs officials will apprehend you, grab your luggage and shove their hands up your ass. Your rights: zero. French cops have the right to bust through your door and search your house and property without any kind of warrant, and arrest and interrogate you for four days without informing the D.A. Phone calls to lawyers or family members are strictly forbidden. You just vanish, and not cooperating means not being fed.

I have come by all this information the hard way. On my way home to California from the Orient I was stopped at Roissy and put through the wringer. The only evidence against me was and still is a single statement from someone who maintains I sold him blow. That was 16 months ago and I've yet to appear in court.

—Thomas Griesse
Prison des Yvelines, France

Oh Say Can You See?

I'm aware that marijuana is beneficial for the treatment of glaucoma. Will smoking it make you less likely to contract glaucoma? Also, what causes the stars you see when you take a big hit of Hawaiian pot?

—High Guy
Haleiwa, Hawaii

As a matter of fact, a couple of years ago a klatch of students at the University of Wisconsin in Madison officially formed themselves into the Society for the Prevention of Glaucoma, reducing their intraocular pressure like crazy, day in and day out. But it probably didn't make them any less liable to develop the disease.

Glaucoma is mainly hereditary, though it can be caused by a blow to the eye. Marijuana only helps once you've already developed glaucoma, but then it works fine: eye-pressure reduction of 60 percent, dependably, without the risk of cataract formation or circulatory disorders, which many commercial glaucoma medications promote. Also, according to Bob Randall of the Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics—and Randall's been doing legal grass for four years now—you don't get tolerant to the weed's ocular effect, so you don't have to keep raising the dose. You do get tolerant to the high, though: Randall smokes enough marijuana every day to flatten most of us for a week, but it's been so long since it's gotten him high, he's forgotten what it was like.

As for that question about the "stars," obvi-

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ously you are only patriotically plugging Maui wowie and Puna butter. You get them same damn stars from any high-test dope, Mr. High Guy. It is only the enhanced firing of norepinephrine impulses into your retinal cortex; they call 'em phosphenes, and they are not merely harmless but a hell of a nice interior light show. And they're just as flashy from Humboldt County skunk indica as they are from Oahu pakalolo, buddy.—Ed.

Cervix with a Smile

Hey, HIGH TIMES! Your May centerfold was real cute. Next time how about using a stud



Frank Worth

with a ten-inch-long Thai-stick tool for all us hard-rolling, pot-smoking girls. —Linda Wheeling, WV.

We'll see, Linda, we'll see.—Ed.

Banned in Oregon?

Three weeks ago I took HIGH TIMES off the shelves in my headshop. Since then nobody has even noticed you are gone! That's because for the last year your magazine has slowly sunk below asshole level. Now it seems you merely try to fill the spaces between advertisements with cheap garbage. HIGH TIMES no longer represents the high folks of this country. If the Connoisseur and Robert Anton Wilson ever team up and start their own magazine, I'll be the first to carry it. Till then, you stink.

—Stephen Farish
Yellow Moon Trading Co.
Newport, Ore.

Though we are truly sorry you think our magazine stinks, your gloating over your book-burning tactics distresses us even further. Your sneering account of the totalitarian censorship you so obviously delight in exercising makes suspect your smug implication that you indeed speak for all the "high people in America." As for "R."



Dith Pran/NYT Pictures

HIGH TIMES Salutes the Gangbanging Firemen of Kansas City, Mo.

Seems like the firefighters of Kansas City, Mo., have been emptying their hoses into something other than burning buildings of late. Like, for instance, Miss Cheryl Hefner, whose consuming loins have sustained the gush from over 200 of the city's hook-and-ladder boys. According to City Auditor Thomas Keyes, there was "wholesale sex going on" at 23 of 31 firehouses around town, all of which activity being attributed to Kansas City's favorite fireplug, Miss Cheryl Hefner.

and Robert Anton Wilson, they always appreciate fan mail.—Ed.

Species to the Defense!

I've heard that it's now possible to synthesize cocaine from scratch, molecule by molecule. My question is, would it be possible for the cops to tell synthetic coke from the genuine kind, labbed down out of coca leaves? The law, according to the law library here, says only "derivatives of Erythroxylon coca" are illegal. If the cops can't tell whether the two z's they popped me with came out of a bush or out of a test tube, why should I be in here doing three to five?

—Dewey
Danbury, Conn.

Why you should be in the slam for any sort of coke is a mystery to us. But the fact is, yes, all federal and state coke laws do clearly stipulate that only Erythroxylon coca derivatives are illegal. And it is now possible to synthesize coke, with a few million dollars' worth of lab gear, that would look exactly like Erythroxylon-based snort on any forensic cop's analysis outprint. You should bring this up with your attorney at the earliest opportunity.

And while you're at it, also advise your attorney that there are two other species of the coca plant, completely different from Erythroxylon coca. Erythroxylon's the highland Bolivian species. In the plateaus of Peru, the species is Coca truxillense. And in Colombia it's Coca



Deanne Stillman, who penned this month's "Cocaine Confidential" column, "Coke Whores and Other Myths," should be no stranger to HIGH TIMES readers. As a contributing editor from 1978 to 1980, she proved a veritable tidal basin of japes and sallies, moving all who read her to dangerous extremes of feverish delight. Rumor has it that her Woodstock Census (which we serialized in '79) has just gone into paperback and, as if that's not enough, Seaview Press is threatening to publish her new book, *Getting Back at Dad*, this October.

novogranatense. The law can't tell if your snort was labbed down out of Erythroxylon, truxillense or novogranatense, any more than they can tell if it was real or synthetic. But the law does clearly and exclusively stipulate

High Command

Just received the April issue, and after reading it over I must say it's one of the finest in a while. As a photographer in the Army I really enjoyed the interview with Harlan Ang. I hope you can find a use for one of the photos I sent you. Seeing one of them in your magazine would do more for me than a promotion.

—Sgt. Bilko
Name and address withheld

No problem, Sarge. Or should we say Lieutenant?—Ed.



Erythroxylon as the sole and only "illegal" variety of coca.

If your attorney is just piss-ignorant about the whole thing, have him or her send to And/Or Press (P.O. Box 2246, Berkeley, CA 94702) for a copy of Coca, Divine Plant of the Incas, by W. Golden Mortimer. Mortimer described these three separate species 60 years ago, in minute botanical detail.



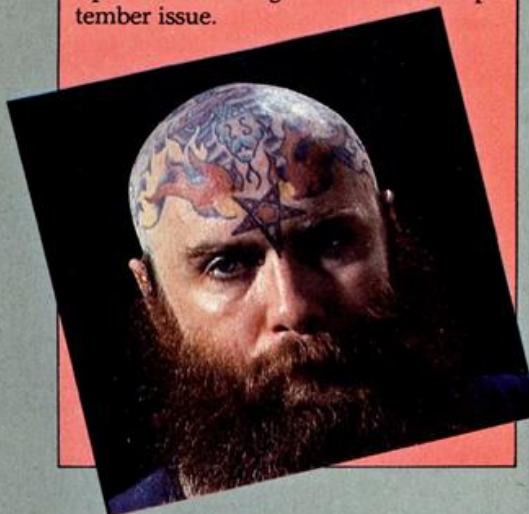
Ratso

Up From Trenchtown

Why is reggae star Max Romeo smiling? You'd be smiling, too, if you planned to tour with the Rolling Stones on their forthcoming trek around the globe. Max stopped by HIGH TIMES to pick up Music Editor John Swenson, and the two repaired to the local deli for an interview/lunch where Max chowed down on—what else?—dreadlocks and bagels.

Head of the Month

Spider Webb gives good head... armpit, hip, upper chest—you name it. There's no body part too small or too intimate for the renowned tattoo master. Look for a pictorial featuring his work in our September issue.



Ohh, Canada

Listen, asshole, you're calling us a bunch of limp-wristed Canadian rah-rah boys who suck ("Letters," April '81). I don't appreciate that one bit, and if I knew who wrote that I would punch your fucking lights out. As far

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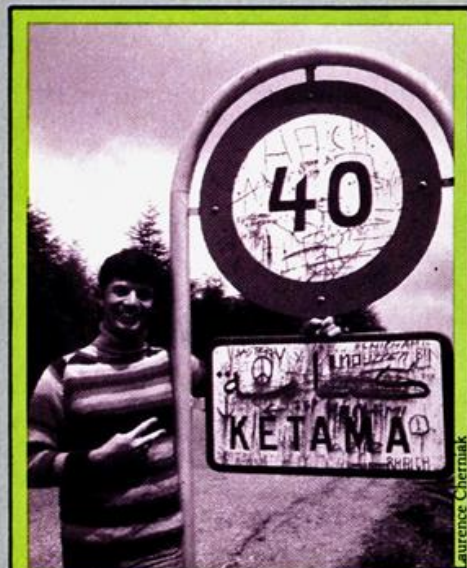
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flashes

as Sgt. Preston is concerned, who fucking cares! So why don't you take your magazine and go pound salt up your ass!

—Most Canadians

Pretty tough talk coming from a tundra turkey who spends his time alone in an igloo whacking off over Sierra Club calendars. But then again, false bravado is about all one can expect from a nation of sap-sucking seal murderers whose prime minister isn't man enough to keep his wife from flying down to New York to flash beaver at Studio 54. Listen, Nanook, if I were you I'd quit filling my bong with moose pee—it's obviously affecting your sense of humor.—Ed.



HIGH TIMES international correspondent and photographer Laurence Cherniak is a man with a past. An ex-Canadian soap opera star (he's still hounded for his autograph by Canuck old ladies), he opened the first head shop north of the 49th parallel hawking his pipes and papers to fledgling hockey players and their big-boned girl friends.

For 15 years he's chronicled the hashish trail with incomparable intelligence and style, and for the past five years he's fed us numerous cover photos and over a dozen centerfolds. But by far his most impressive achievement is the projected series of his *Great Books of Hashish*; volume one of book one is available now through the HIGH TIMES Bookstore (see ad, page 94). But don't take our word for it; here's what Dr. Michael Aldrich, curator of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library, had to say about Cherniak's classic: "The first time I saw these photographs by Laurence Cherniak, I felt like a test pilot suddenly thrust into a new dimension, riding a magic carpet to the fabled lands of hashish. . . . I knew at once that this was the best essay in drug photography I've ever seen, a masterpiece."

I Remember Nepal

This picture was taken in January 1973, just before drugs became illegal in Nepal. Back in those days the streets of Katmandu were



teeming with such places—where you could pick from a "hashish menu" anything from Temple Balls to Arkant Chares.

—David S. Soliday
Green Pond, S.C.

Found the Answers

I have had a year of your publication and had bought it from local businesses earlier. I finally found the answers I had been looking for to life and they was not in drugs. If you have any sense you will turn to the bible for answers. Please quit giving all this misleading information to young people looking for instruction. I was once there myself. Smoking dope was like drinking water. My life depended on it. I never did answer my questions to life like "Why are we here?" "What are our purposes on earth?" "Why is life?" I finally found the answers after an in-depth bible study. Try it sometime; you might be surprised.

P.S. Show this to your readers; maybe they will change their minds.

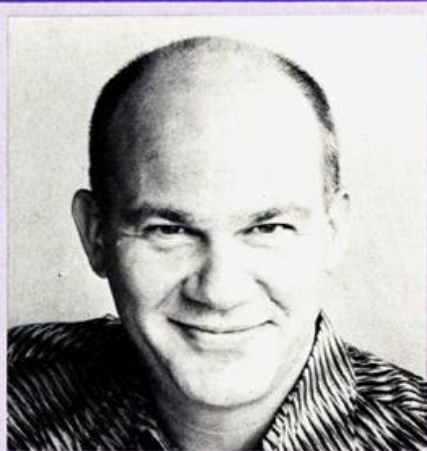
—Dennis J. McCall
Danville, Ill.

While we're sincerely happy for you, you ought to be advised that you're taking on a pretty formidable body of established religious tradition when you categorically maintain and state that the answers to life cannot be found through drugs. People have been getting pretty solid answers from mushrooms, flowers, roots, weeds, pills, vines, and all other sorts of high makers since before the Ice Age. Why, in some religions, even mere alcoholic wine is employed as an agent of illumination! If some soul-medicine has not worked for you, Dennis, is it fair to say that it will never work for anyone else, among the billions of souls in this wide, wide world?

It might be good to ponder these things in your heart, Dennis. And remember also, always, that the word Bible is never, ever spelled with a lowercase b—Ed.

On the way to a friend's house I picked up the April *HIGH TIMES*. We found the centerfold of the safe very amusing, but it's been eight weeks now and we've yet to figure out what's that black goochy stuff inside it. My friend says it looks like old, burnt Hebrew National frankfurters. Is she right, or what?

That "goochy stuff" in the safe, dear Lauren, is black Nepalese finger hash and not burnt-up old frankfurters. There are a variety of differences between the two products; for instance, whereas you'd have to shell out over \$2,200 for a pound for the Nepalese, you could score a pound of hot dogs for \$1.89—\$2.29 tops.—Ed.



Richard Sutor



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To Have and to Hold

by Michael Stepanian

Criminal lawyers are constantly arguing about possession. What is possession? Who is in possession? How can possession be proved? There are no real sharp lines that can be drawn to distinguish the different facts that will or won't show possession. There is a rule, though, that in order to justify a conviction based on circumstantial evidence, the facts and circumstances must be consistent with the theory of guilt and entirely inconsistent with any other rational conclusion. Any lawyer worth their salt has a million ways to show that their client did not exercise dominion and control over an illegal substance, or that he or she did not know the narcotic character of the substance. Furthermore, an attorney can argue a client's lack of possession in a vacuum and need not shift the blame to other people. This defense—"My client wasn't in possession because the other had possession"—plays right into the government's hands, because if they can't prove that one individual possessed "beyond a reasonable doubt and to a moral certainty," then everyone goes free.

By far the easiest case for a defense attorney to argue is when a substance is found by the cops in an out-of-the-way place (unobservable by sight, smell or touch), and yet is not hidden to the extent where one person could be said to have sole access and exercise dominion and control over the item. For example: If someone puts contraband in their night-table drawer along with their love letters and rent receipts, the government can successfully argue dominion and control because no one else is likely to go poking around such personal effects. On the other hand, if something is left in a place to which many people have access, the government can argue that the stuff was abandoned or in plain sight and the person who put it there did not exercise their right of privacy or the expectation of privacy over the item and is therefore liable to search and seizure.

Between these two equally unattractive and punishable scenarios lies the above-mentioned middle way: If something is placed in a communal closet or hid in a couch, and there are three or four people



Gail Freund

living in the house, it becomes difficult to prove who "beyond a reasonable doubt and to a moral certainty" is culpable. Access to an area is insufficient unless there is a clear indication that whatever is found belongs to a particular person and that no statements have been made that show consciousness of guilt (like lying to the police). This, of course, is predicated on the fact that there were no items lying around (roaches in ashtrays, bits of paraphernalia) that would serve as evidence of one's awareness that contraband was being stored in the house.

Okay, let's say the cops find some roaches—which they construe as probable cause to search the rest of the house—and come upon some pot in the storage area of the apartment. The tenant says he leaves the key under the mat and friends come over a lot. Even the fact that the defendant knew the weed was there may be insufficient for conviction.

There have been some interesting cases involving letters or boxes sent from other countries. If the cops intercept a box and find it to contain contraband, they'll send it to its destination and leave it there for a couple of days. What they're doing is waiting for someone to open the package so they can show access, dominion and control. A case the government would find hard to prove would be if someone gets the package (addressed to someone else, assume), leaves it on the desk for five or ten days, the cops come and no one has shown access to the package. It would be very difficult to prove that the person living there is the person to whom the package was mailed.

Many times after a car has been pulled over by the cops contraband is thrown out the window. If there are a bunch of people in the car and no one sees the stuff being thrown, it's possible for everyone in the car to be acquitted by virtue of the fact that the government must prove that *one particular person* had dominion and control over the substance. If the registered owner is in the car

and some pot is found in the glove compartment while someone else is driving, there is an inference that the stuff belongs to the owner. If, on the other hand, the stuff is in the trunk of the car, in a suitcase of a person whose identification is different than the registered owner's, it can be interpreted that someone other than the driver-owner left it there.

The government is always looking for a way to get someone into dominion and control and the defense lawyer is always trying to show that their client didn't have dominion and control or access or there was multiaccess or there was no knowledge of the narcotic character. In some instances attorneys will argue that their client merely had transitory possession. If someone gives something to you and you just take it and then give it to someone else, that's a *transitory* possession or *momentary* possession, and might not be possession with the intent for dominion and control purposes.

Constructive possession, though, does presuppose intent for dominion and control purposes. For example: If a runner brings contraband to Arnie and Arnie's busted before he receives the stuff, even though he didn't have actual possession, he still may have constructive possession. Then there's also *joint* possession. Example: Someone lays out some lines of blow while Louis is in the bathroom blowing his nose. Louis comes back and finds a bust going down. Though he may not have had actual possession, if it can be shown that he knew what the contraband was and had dominion and control over it, he could be prosecuted for joint possession.

As you can see there's a thin line between the various types of possession, but if the stuff is hidden enough so that the cops can't see it, feel it or smell it, and it's not hidden in a place where only one person has access or exercises dominion and control, possession is tough to prove. □



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S

Interoffice Memo: "R." to Latimer: Get Offa My Cloud by "R."

HOW COME I always end up trying to defend HIGH TIMES from mass indignation among its readers? Probably because I'm one of the few writers or editorial people connected with the magazine who still actually enjoys and smokes marijuana. You'd be surprised how many of the staff don't smoke dope, don't even like it. One good rule of thumb is that people like that are generally former smokers who failed to make anything out of their lives—why else would they still be doing the hack work they do?—and blame it on grass instead of their own intrinsic inadequacies, lack of talent, et cetera.

But that's okay. Nonsmokers are entitled to live an aesthetically and sensually impoverished existence if that's what they choose. Still, it's no excuse for the kind of gross ignorance, slander and pathetic lameness that characterizes Dean Latimer's "Joint Counterjoint" [HIGH TIMES, April '81].

Since Latimer himself is a juicehead, never smokes grass or gets high with people who do, I'm the one who ends up trying to defend HIGH TIMES when, time after time, I run into people saying, "How could the editors there publish anything so stupid and ignorant about smoking grass?"

I do my best to defend Latimer and the magazine. I tell them that Latimer is a genuinely talented writer, the "Joint Counterjoint" article was an aberration, he was egged on by the antimarijuana faction at the magazine, and due to his tragic inability to get high off grass—a pitiable sensory impotence—didn't know any better than to allow himself to be exploited by them.

In his defense I tell them Latimer has done a lot of valuable research poking holes in the Reefer Madness mythology of antimarijuana scientists leeching off the government payroll. The problem is he's become so deeply obsessed with his crusade against THC-centered research—he's so far removed from the experi-

ence of smokers like you and me—that in "Joint Counterjoint" the ignorant juicehead clumsily made some disparaging remarks about yours truly, the Connoisseur, and about the whole notion of cannabis connoisseurship, that have to be set straight.

In fact, Latimer himself has already cringingly retracted the chief slanders against "R." perpetrated in his article, after I confronted him in the HIGH TIMES office and forced him to actually read the "Connoisseur" column. And although he has now retreated from his shameful errors, let's look at what he said; it's a good opportunity to define the *true* meaning of connoisseurship by the light of his dimwitted blunders.

Putting aside Latimer's tissue of lies about some lamb's bread he says he was smoking—the guy is too hung over to tell when he's smoking the wrong end of a filter cigarette much less appreciate lamb's bread—let's go to the heart of his attack on your faithful Connoisseur. Basically, what he does is set up a straw man and then boldly rush forth with a torch to demolish it.

He writes:

I used the denomination *connoisseur* there with resentment aforethought. It is precisely because of guys like my splendid crony and colleague "R." that you can't find lousy green reefer for love nor money nowadays. . . . This whole connoisseur business . . . is an unhappy development in modern dope trends. It grows out of an ill-conceived no-

tion that THC . . . is the main and only high-making particle of marijuana. If it's the THC that gets you high, the reasoning clearly goes, then reefer with the highest THC content has got to be the ultimate reefer. . . . as though pure ethyl alcohol might somehow be superior to 12-year-old single-grain 86.8-proof Bell's Scotch.

Well, it's hard to know where to start with this seamless piece of lameness. But let's start with Latimer's own words in the cringing apology he delivered when I confronted him personally:

"Gee, 'R.'" he said, "I didn't realize you were saying the exact opposite of that, in that very issue. Then when I went back and actually read your columns, I realized how unfair I was."

Yes, in fact, in that very issue, and in issue after issue in the past, "R." has been making the exact distinction the Bell's-besotted scribe complained was absent.

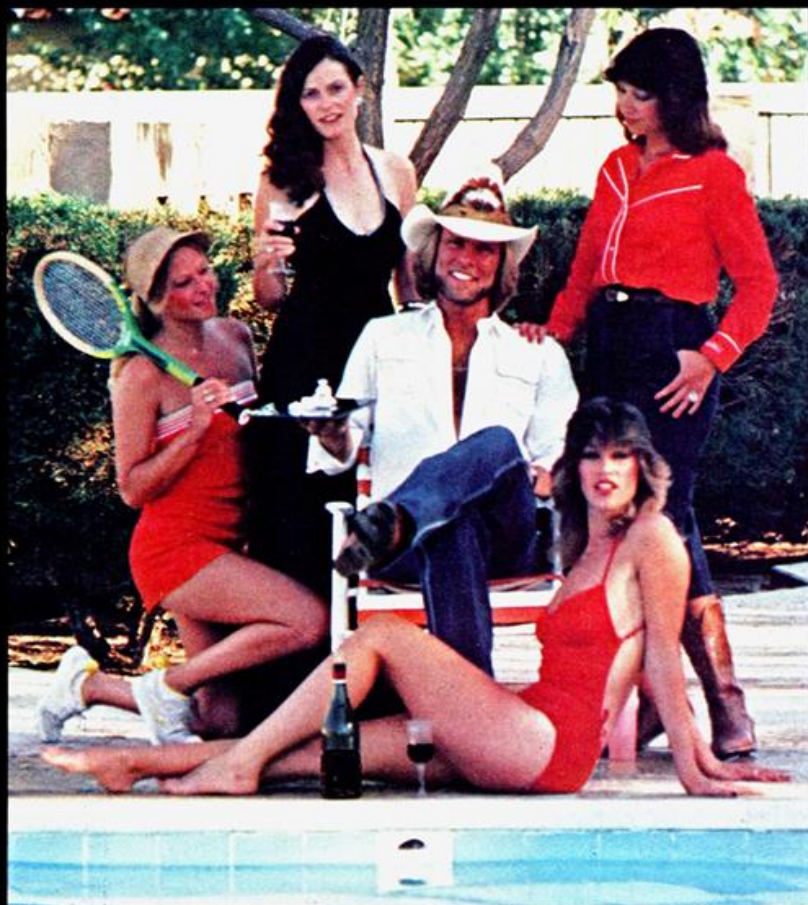
The essence of connoisseurship is *obviously* not judging strength alone. A wine connoisseur doesn't sip and savor the subtle personalities of each individual vintage and bottling just to pronounce the proof or declare how drunk he is. A food connoisseur does not measure mere calories. A rock critic doesn't judge a song by its noise level, but by its melodies, its harmonies, its rhythms.

That's what your cannabis connoisseur has always sought to define in any grass he tastes: its subtle *inner music*, not its THC noise. I try to introduce readers to

the soul and personality of a pot, not merely measure its raw strength. That's why the Connoisseur's sensitive and authoritative analyses have won him such a wide following among readers. In fact, in one recent survey of HIGH TIMES readers, the "Connoisseur" column was named "favorite feature" in the magazine by four times as many readers than the runner-up, while only a pitiful 10 percent could even recall Latimer's name (which may be the hidden cause for his ignorant and slanderous attack, an attempt to



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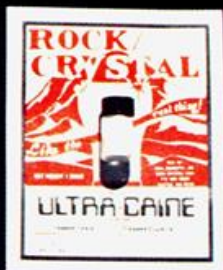
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hitch his dim and waning star to "R."s folk-hero status).

Unfortunately, his attitude toward "R." is all too typical of the editorial staff of the magazine who, unlike the readers out there, don't appreciate "R."s unique contributions to the quality of cannabis culture. Think of it: There are scores of food and wine connoisseurs across this land, hundreds of rock critics, thousands of movie critics, but just one single cannabis connoisseur to serve the 40 million marijuana consumers out there. One single individual who has devoted years to perfecting the arts of sensitivity and discrimination, honed his taste to a magnificent state of alertness and selectivity.

It's a difficult exercise in the differential phenomenology of consciousness that's taken years of disciplined practice to perfect. Your Connoisseur served a long apprenticeship under the Great Dope Taster in the Sky, this magazine's founder, Tom Forcade, who passed on his years of accumulated cannabis canniness and sativa savvy to yours truly before he felt I was ready to pass judgments on my own. The poor guy is probably spinning in his grave over Latimer's outrageous insults to the institution of connoisseurship he founded.

Now let's get to the question of sinsemilla and dirtweed. One of the most pathetic slanders in "Joint Counterjoint" is that connoisseur consciousness is somehow responsible for the disappearance of good cheap dirtweed in American markets, that "R." has exalted sinsemilla over working-class grass.

In fact, "R." has always maintained that to be a connoisseur is never to be a snob. It means being able to appreciate the virtues present in all varieties of the magic plant from the humblest window-box weed to the creamiest Puna butter. Indeed, in my fourth column, two years ago, I wrote an attack on the cult of sinsemilla, a column entitled "Talking Sense About Sinsemilla," which called much California seedless a cosmetic hype that was "overpriced and overrated." In fact, I have a sneaky feeling that much of Latimer's "Joint Counterjoint" is little more than an unconscious *plagiarism* of "R."s own arguments, dim memories of my past column floating around in the hung-over haze of Latimer's Bell's-bottomed brain.

That "Talking Sense" column made the point that sinsemilla should be judged by how interesting and exotic the high is and not by its pretty colors and flowery smell. This led to attacks on "R." from angry growers. But "R."s allegiance has always been to the humble ounce-buying consumer faced with the bewildering claims and myths of the marijuana marketplace.

"R." has written column after column lamenting the loss of good cheap Mexican from the market, condemning overpriced bogus Colombian "fool's gold." It's always been my belief that the consumer benefits from a variety of price and personality in the pot market, and my constant critiques

continued on page 105

SCANDALS,
BUSTS, AND
DEEDS OF
DERRING-DO

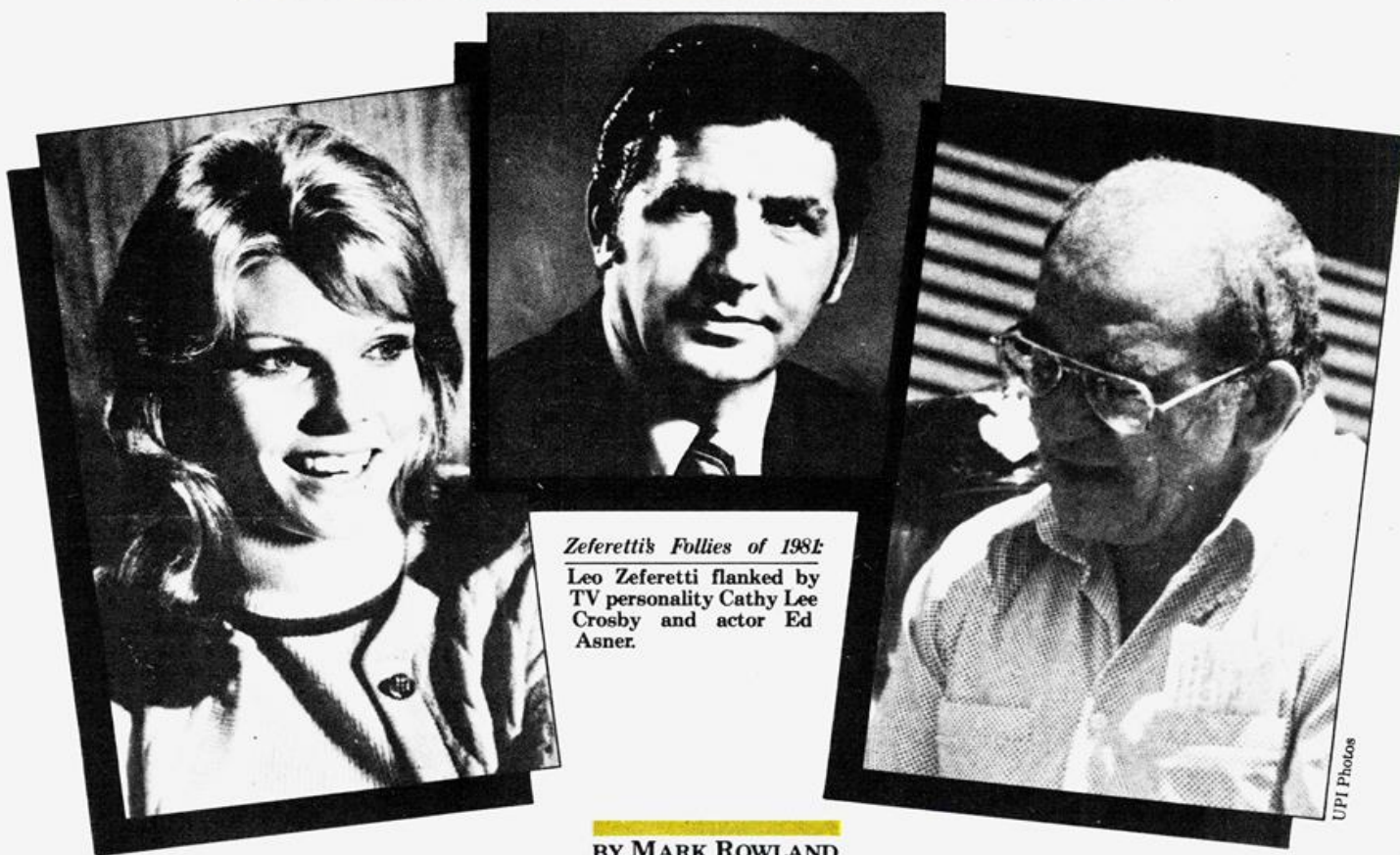
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CELEBS NIX COKE PROBE

SOLON HOPEFULS FLOP IN TINSELTOWN



BY MARK ROWLAND

THE U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control did not get its act together before taking it on the road. The committee's Los Angeles debut, ballyhooed as an event that could "blow the lid off" the Hollywood drug scene, in effect produced only one thing you could call a bust—the hearing itself. The select committee's uninspired dialogue and tawdry sensation-

alism bore a disquieting resemblance to one of Fred Silverman's slapdash sit-coms.

Not that the select committee is endowed with much charisma; with few exceptions its members are either untested rookies and/or inoffensive plodders like Rep. Leo Zeferetti (D-N.Y.). Zeferetti's Brooklyn district is the most conservative in the borough; yet despite an unobjectionable voting record and stalwart labor support,

continued on page 26

COLOMBIAN UPDATE:

REGIONAL LEGISLATURE
BACKS LEGAL POT

BY ANTONIO HUNEEUS

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN to legalize pot retains its momentum here. Congressional lobbying, coordinated by the National Association of Financial Institutions (ANIF), recently gained important support when the state assembly of the *marimba*-producing Department of Meta declared its full support of the marijuana package to be voted on late this summer by the national congress. An offi-

cial resolution issued by the assembly requested that the congress legalize the "production of marijuana as the only way to stop the wave of corruption affecting the country." The Meta assemblymen further recommended that *marimba* revenues be "channeled toward various economic programs that the government has not been able to carry out for lack of money."

Meta lies in the vast eastern plains known as the *llanos orientales*, an area that has developed its own *fume* agriculture

since the federal government first launched its U.S.-sponsored war against traffickers on the northern Guajira peninsula. Meta's flatlands are ideal for clandestine airfields and out-of-the-way *marimba* fields. The resolution included estimates that the province has 7,500 acres under pot cultivation, producing an average of 1,500 tons and a local revenue of \$45 million annually. Meta is the second department to vote support of legalization; Atlantic was the first.

Though the debate over le-

galization is spirited, with the likes of President of the Congress José Ignacio Díaz Granados supporting the ANIF proposal, the vote this summer is likely to serve only as a preliminary skirmish in the battle. No one expects such a measure to pass while the administration of Pres. Julio Turbay is still in office, but this roll call should provide a sound basis for the prolegalization faction to assess its strength and plot its strategy for the ultimate showdown after Turbay leaves office next year.

VERSATILE SMUGGLING RING POPPED
DURING COLOMBIAN CARNIVAL FEST

BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA

WHILE MOST OF THE POPULACE here was busy pouring booze and dancing to the beat of tropical drums, a team of zealous officials from the narcotics group of the attorney general's office—who have replaced the military as Colombia's drug enforcers—conducted a highly successful raid against a multifaceted smuggling ring. According to press accounts, two individuals were arrested at a safehouse containing equipment and supplies for making bootleg booze along with contraband American cigarettes and all sorts of electronic gadgets: stereos, TVs, calculators, et cetera.

The *pièce de résistance* of the bust, however, was 300 kilos of raw methaqualone for making bootleg Quaaludes, known here as "Mandrax" or "yumbos." Also found in the house were 100,000 freshly compacted ludes. (One news-

'LUDES, BOOZE, CUTS
AND GADGETS SEIZED

Colombianos celebran la fiesta sin saber que la mano de la ley los tiene por las pelotas.

paper commented with alarm, "The consumption of this dangerous hallucinogen [sic] has increased significantly in

the country, particularly among youngsters.") Authorities also confiscated 200 kilos of xylocaine obviously intended for the dilution of cocaine, which should put to rest the notion that all blow coming into the United States from South America is pure as the driven snow.

The Barranquilla raid is symptomatic of renewed efforts by Colombian authorities to clamp down on all types of smuggling. According to other information released by customs offices in Bogotá, Medellín and Cali, there have also been confiscations of amphetamines and illegal coffee shipments. The only important marijuana bust recently occurred in the Matitas area of La Guajira when an army sergeant and two civilians were intercepted transporting 320 bales of fume (not much by Colombian standards) in two trucks to a clandestine airfield on the peninsula.

COMPUTER-FIRM BANKRUPTCY THREATENS LAROCHE CULT

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

COMPUTRON TECHNOLOGIES Corporation, a computer software firm intimately linked to the political front groups of dangerous right-wing crackpot Lyndon LaRouche, has filed a bankruptcy petition in federal district court. Just what effect Computron's financial difficulties will have on the National Anti-Drug Coalition, one of LaRouche's most active shills these days, is still uncertain; but the bankruptcy suit has exposed a deep split in the hierarchy of the previously tight-knit clique.

Beginning in the mid 1970s, when the computer outfit was first organized as a source of revenue for LaRouche's National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC), and until last year, Computron was a valuable asset. It employed LaRouche loyalists and its profits helped nourish the gamut of the cult's enterprises: NCLC, the U.S. Labor Party (USLP), the Fusion Energy Foundation (the people who peddle pronuke propaganda in airports), the Anti-Drug Coalition, the New Democratic Policy Committee, et cetera. But recently, Computron has been losing money, and LaRouche has been at odds with two of his formerly most trusted lieutenants, Konstantinos Kalimtgis and Andy Typaldos—both ranking officers of Computron and muckamucks in NCLC.

Kalimtgis, whose name appeared on the masthead of the Anti-Drug Coalition's magazine, *War on Drugs*, until early this year, was suspended from executive duties in the USLP late in 1980 after LaRouche accused him of diverting hundreds of thousands of NCLC dollars into the computer company's coffers. Kalimtgis and Typaldos replied that, if anything, money had been flowing the other way. The question of who owes what to whom presumably will have to be untangled by the bankruptcy court. Meanwhile, according to the petition filed in



Lyndon LaRouche: Kissing his assets good-bye?

the case, the company's balance sheet shows liabilities of \$2,955,000 and assets of only \$2,139,000.

Dennis King, a New York reporter who has tirelessly investigated NCLC for the past three and a half years (and who supplied much of the information for this story), says Computron's problems are not likely to threaten the financial stability of LaRouche's power base since

other NCLC-run businesses and activities are still bringing in between \$10 and \$15 million a year. Even the loss of Kalimtgis and Typaldos from the loyal center of the cult may be inconsequential, because their departure could simply consolidate the strength of LaRouche's most orthodox devotees.

Other trouble may be brewing for NCLC, however. Citizens for LaRouche, which re-

ceived \$500,000 in federal matching funds for the cult leader's 1980 presidential campaign, has been told by the Federal Elections Committee (FEC) to return \$110,618.53 of that money; and they have been ordered to produce documentation on another \$170,000, which might also have to be returned.

In addition, three complaints against Citizens for LaRouche have been referred from the auditing department of the FEC to the general counsel. The contents of those complaints will not be made public until a decision on their merits is reached, but, if violations of law can be proven, the campaign could be subject to fines or even criminal prosecution.

However Computron's fortunes are resolved—whether it limps on in any form or not—it seems likely that both the bankruptcy court and the FEC will have to take a close look at the odd financial interplay between the software firm and the multiple incarnations of LaRouche's ideological freak show. More information on the inner workings of the cult should emerge in the coming months.

BULLETIN:

BYE-BYE, PETER B.

PETER BENSINGER, HEAD of the Drug Enforcement Administration since late 1975, has finally been given the boot and will leave office on July 10. For the first few months of 1981, Bensinger had waged a frantic lobbying campaign to retain the funding and status of the narc agency in the face of sweeping Reagan budget cuts. It appeared at first that the administrator



Peter Bensinger

had been successful in his feverish finagling, but on June 11, White House "sources" leaked news of his ouster to a *Los Angeles Times* reporter while Bensinger was off on a

four-day sailing trip.

His political and lobbying skills, which had secured DEA's (and his own) position through two administrations, in the end apparently backfired. A grandstand series of busts, known as "Operation Grouper" [see July "Highwitness News"], had been announced at a massive press conference in the midst of Bensinger's appeals for restoration of agency funds in March. The "sources" cited Grouper and other campaigning by Bensinger as evidence of his not being "a team player."

As we go to press, no temporary successor to Bensinger has been named, and it is widely speculated in Washington that DEA may be consolidated into the FBI. Watch these pages in succeeding months for further developments.

CANADIAN DRUG "STALAG" FINALLY CLOSED DOWN

THE NOTORIOUS "DOPE STALAG" on Brannan Lake north of Vancouver, British Columbia, has finally been put out of commission. In 1979, the B.C. provincial legislature passed a law providing for "compulsory detoxification" of anyone deemed to be suffering from "narcotics addiction." The Brannan Lake facility was accordingly opened, and functioned for two years, before pressure from civil-liberties groups, drug-treatment authorities and the Brannan staff itself prompted its closure.

Under the compulsory-detox law, theoretically, any law-enforcement officer in B.C. can take into custody any person the officer suspects of being a "narcotics addict." Suspected addicts may be kept in police custody until a panel of physicians determines whether or not the person is, in fact, physically or psychologically dependent on a drug. At no point in the process does a detainee necessarily have access to legal counsel. Before the Brannan Lake stalag was closed, people diagnosed as "addicts" were compelled to stay there until it was determined that the detainee was "non-addicted" and showed convincing prospects of remaining so after release.

Civil-liberties groups mounted a stiff opposition to the law as soon as it went into effect. Many police officers, they pointed out, stubbornly persist in believing that drugs like marijuana and cocaine are addictive; this law therefore empowers them to take into custody, on sight, anyone whom they suspect of being simply stoned. Furthermore, the law does *not* apply to caffeine, tobacco or alcohol; since these drugs are addictive, the Vancouver statute clearly violated the principle of equal protection under the law.

Prominent experts in the treatment of drug-abuse problems, such as federal health-ministry chairman Dr. John Bonham, also expressed op-

position to the law, arguing that Brannan Island could never really serve as anything more than a holding pen, where addicts would be kept for totally arbitrary stretches of time.

Late last year, a provincial court in B.C. ruled that the compulsory-detox law was

unconstitutional. Provincial prosecutors, however, appealed the statute to a district court, where its constitutionality was upheld. The Brannan Island dope stalag was not closed because the law failed, but because the facility itself was patently unworkable, even in the opinion of its

own staff.

So the facility has been moved to a site in the Greater Vancouver area and placed under the supervision of Dr. Bonham. The compulsory-detox law, however, is still on the books, and the B.C. police can still pick up and jail anyone they consider to be an "addict."



Adding insult to injury, two Cleveland correction officers are left with nothing to cover their faces save their own arrest documents as they are led to a booking area by a detective. The two were arrested—accused of dealing drugs to inmates—along with 13 other Cuyahoga County jailers on charges of drug trafficking and bribery.

MOVING WEIGHT IN THE JOINT

CORRECTIONS OFFICIALS claim Larry Isaac, 26, smuggled 1,000 hits of acid into Louisiana's Jefferson Parish Prison after he was arrested on LSD charges in February. His friskers apparently failed in their strip-search to cover all of Isaac's anatomy; he had hidden the stuff, they say, between his rolls of body fat. Before the stash was discovered seven inmates were found to have imbibed the

drug, either voluntarily or through having been "dosed" by other prisoners.

Isaac has clearly made resourceful use of his flab, but now, facing an almost certainly lengthened sentence, he may be wise to follow the example of Steve Freed, a New Yorker who was recently released from Allenwood Federal Prison Camp in Alabama. When Freed began serving time on a pot-smuggling conviction

three years ago, he weighed in at 280 pounds—a lot for his five-foot-eight-inch frame. But he soon began running in the prison yard to get into shape. At the time of his release to a Brooklyn halfway house, he was logging 110 monotonous miles a week, he had trimmed his waist from 48 to 30 inches, and his weight was down to 152. He was also planning to enter the New York Marathon.

FRENCH CUSTOMS BLOWS 2,000-BALE POT BUST

B RITISH BEACHCOMBERS from Land's End to Portsmouth were solemnly cautioned by Her Majesty's customs officers not to touch any of the soggy bales of vegetable matter floating ashore early this spring, lest they get "their fingers badly burned."

The flotsam had been dumped into the English Channel by the crew of the oceangoing tugboat *Sea Rover* as she fled under fire from French customs launches. The frogs had impetuously opened fire on the Dutch tug as it nosed around Brittany, making for Calais. An assortment of British, French and Dutch narcs had been painstakingly shadowing the *Sea Rover* since the grass was first loaded on the Mediterranean coast of Morocco, but the French customs swabs jumped the gun on the narc task force and

tried to make the waterborne collar themselves.

When *Sea Rover* skipper Antonious Olijhoek found his vessel under fire, he headed for the open channel while the eight-man crew began dumping an estimated 2,000 bales into the brine. Due to fog, night and general ineptitude, the French lost the tug entirely. Next day, British customs waylaid the *Sea Rover* and busted everyone for possession of a boat littered with stray seeds and stems; and, in Calais, French narcs busted four men allegedly anticipating the shipment.

The floaters, carried along the channel current, continued to break on the Cornish coast for over a week afterward. Her Majesty's officials were unable to estimate how many bales were ever turned over to the "proper authorities."

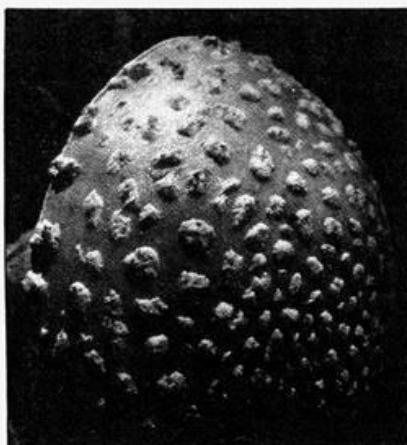


Oh no, it's H. Ross Perot! Remember the face. Shown here, power hitter in hand, denouncing the drug menace, the right-wing billionaire is the bankroller of Texans War on Drugs, a campaign that recently ramrodded an incredibly oppressive drug-law package through the Texas legislature—including a wiretapping statute reserved exclusively for suspected drug dealers. It's hard times ahead for Lone Star heads, unless the courts notice that most of this hysterical legislation is unconstitutional.

MAGIC MUSHROOM JUICE BEATS OUT MORPHINE

A MANITA MUSCARIA, THE BIG, RED, white-dappled magic mushroom that primitive medicine men have been using since the Stone Age to promote ceremonial trance states, contains a substance that is just as good as morphine at killing pain. According to the Danish School of Pharmacy in Amsterdam, *Amanita's* main psychotropic ingredient, muscimol, can be molecularly rearranged into an analgesic as potent as morphine, but without morphine's addictive property.

In its natural state, muscimol is highly toxic, with a variety of physical side effects that range from merely uncomfortable to downright lethal, depending on the dose. But by restructuring the muscimol molecule slightly, reports Dr. Poul Krosgaard-Larsen, the side effects can be eliminated. Administered in doses of



AMANITA MUSCARIA

10 to 15 milligrams, the muscimol variant (technically, tetrahydroisooxazolo-[5,4-c]pyridine 3-ol, or THIP), is just as potent as morphine at killing pain.

Most fascinating of all, THIP appears to kill pain in a completely different fashion from morphine. Morphine analgesia can always be abolished by naloxone, a drug that literally pries the morphine molecules out of pain-transmitting cells, allowing them to fire pain impulses. When volunteers on THIP were subjected to pain and given naloxone however, the naloxone failed to reverse the painkilling action of THIP. Therefore, the *Amanita*-derived drug works in some way utterly different from morphine, perhaps by activating or suppressing natural pain-mediating systems in the human body that are totally unknown, as yet, to scientists.

PAPA PHILLIPS PULLS 30 DAYS, WHILE ABBIE GETS THREE YEARS

ON EXACTLY THE SAME spring day, Abbie Hoffman, a longtime activist for social causes, and John Phillips, former leader of the 1960s rock group the Mamas and Papas, were sentenced in New York for separate drug offenses. Hoffman, convicted of selling three pounds of cocaine to a narcotics agent, was handed a solid three-year term, of which he will likely have to serve one before becoming eligible for parole. Phillips, who admitted involvement in a "drug ring," which sold not only cocaine but "tens of thousands" of addictive and life-threatening pills, was ordered to serve a mere 30 days. His official sentence was eight years, but all save a month of that was suspended on the condition he serve five years' probation and devote 250 hours of the next year to a campaign against youthful drug abuse.

The contrast between the two penalties shouldn't surprise anyone who watched the behavior of the two celebrities in the months before sentencing:

Papa John, once busted, flipped like a pancake. Hav-



Papa John Phillips and daughter Mackenzie laughing it up on the "John Davidson Show," while Abbie goes off to prison.

ing been a large-scale dealer and devoted multidrug abuser for at least five years, he suddenly became the most public and righteous anti-druggie in the United States. With his daughter, twice-busted Mackenzie Phillips,

who had been one of the stars of *American Graffiti* and TV's "One Day at a Time," John made the rounds of the TV talk shows. Between the two of them they blamed drugs for virtually everything bad they had ever done. It wasn't

them—get it?—it was the drugs.

So who could blame *John Phillips*? He wasn't responsible; he had been infested with an evil substance. The alibi might sound a little shabby, but there he was, drug-free, talking to Dick Cavett like a real person, and telling the conservative bluenoses in TV land exactly what they wanted to hear: that drugs were put into the world by the devil and are irresistible after the first taste. Papa John, in a way, had been born again. He was a good boy now. And all this had miraculously happened to him *after* he was popped, but *before* he was sentenced.

He was such a good boy, in fact, that he was willing to tell all there was to tell about a couple of other people in this drug ring, both of whom would now, no doubt, be facing more time than Phillips if they hadn't headed out for parts unknown.

Meanwhile, Abbie did his own share of begging. He pointed out the good works he had done before and since he went underground after his bust back in '74; and he organized a letter-writing campaign among his celebrity friends pleading for leniency. At the sentencing, he told the court he now felt the cocaine sale was "an insane act," but everybody knows that dealing three pounds of coke to a narc is just that. He even petitioned Gov. Hugh Carey to pardon him after the sentence came down. But he never dimmed on anybody, and he didn't travel the country blaming everything he'd done on some inanimate chemical. So, despite the solid legal muscle of Gerald Lefcourt, the former Yippie leader and hero of the antiwar era ate three years.

Incidentally, before Phillips was sentenced, his ex-wife, Michelle, is said to have told probation officers that John was "the devil incarnate"—that he was *still* using drugs. Phillips's lawyer vehemently denied the charges at the sentencing.

JORGY



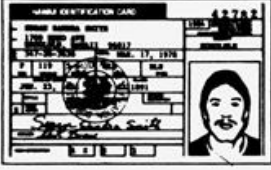
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MARIJUANA Grower's Guide



CELEBS NIX PROBE

continued from page 19

Zeferetti was nearly toppled in the last election by another of those ubiquitous Moral Majoritarians. The Reagan landslide did sweep aside fellow New York Democrat Lester Wolff, the committee chairman; so Zeferetti, diligent and uncontroversial, was elevated by his peers to Wolff's post.

As a scene-stealer, though, the Zef is no match for Robert Dornan (R-Cal.), a former TV talk-show host and a certified right-wing zealot long before the breed became regnant. Dornan's twin obsessions are the military (he led the House fight to save the B-1 bomber) and various "lifestyle" issues, which of course includes drugs. A juicy Hollywood coke exposé would suit Dornan's political needs as comfortably as it fits his abrasive personal style. His polyglot district has grown increasingly polarized, encompassing Ronald Reagan's Pacific Palisades abode on one side of Santa Monica and Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda's Council for Economic Democracy on the other. In the past two elections, Dornan squeaked by dapper young liberal Carey Peck (Gregory's son) after bitter campaigns. New Hollywood lent a hefty hand to Peck's effort while the old guard stood by Dornan, himself a nephew of actor Jack Haley.

The impetus for this muckraking scheme came not from Dornan but from actress Cathy Lee ("That's Incredible") Crosby, who last year invited the select committee to Los Angeles. Crosby promised to line up friendly witnesses to talk about the prevalence of drugs in the film industry. The legislators did not have to be asked twice.

"If Congress does something and it's not reported, then it doesn't happen," observed Zeferetti aide Phil Leshin. "Publicity's not a dirty trick. If there's drug abuse in Pot-dunk and drug abuse in Hollywood, you go to Hollywood." The hearings assumed ominous overtones thanks to a sweeping (albeit unsubstantiated) report on the film industry's love affair with cocaine in *TV Guide*, followed by a series of increasingly inflammatory committee press releases that insiders attributed to Dornan's office. Suspicious of Dornan's motives and still smarting from memories of the McCarthy blacklist, people in the film industry began to scent a "naming names" style witch-hunt.

AS A RESULT, THE EMBARRASSED COMMITTEE was left without any star witnesses when the hearings began. First to renege was Crosby herself, who was already in trouble over drugs. It seems she had recruited a number of fellow celebs to lend their names in support of a drug rehabilitation program called Narconon. Most of the stars were embarrassed to discover later that Narconon was operated by the cultlike Church of Scientology. Following the exposure of this scandal, Crosby, on her agent's advice, decided not to testify. Adding insult to injury, she called up several other prospective witnesses and convinced them not to appear either. The committee's aims came under

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fire from industry heavies like Screen Actors Guild leader Edward Asner (a prominent political supporter of Carey Peck) and producer Grant Tinker.

After some frantic scrambling, the congressmen were able to cajole two celebrities to their hearing: "Vegas" star Greg Morris (formerly of "Mission Impossible") and executive Alan Horn of Tandem Productions, the company that turns out Norman Lear comedies.

Both legislators and witnesses took great care to smooth each other's feathers. Morris and Horn poo-pooed the coke allegations; Zeferetti assured them that the committee merely wished to "share" Hollywood's drug burden. Lear was praised for his socially relevant programming. And of course all participants took turns playing "blame the media," that shell game at which actors and politicians excel. The local TV crews lapped it up; after all, "that's entertainment!"

But in fact, two days of scheduled testimony provided few insights into the byzantine dilemma of drug abuse, and far too many into the self-serving personalities lined up at center stage. California attorney general George Deukmejian, for example, who is running for governor in 1982, proposed the resumption of paraquat spraying and suggested that the state simply "seize the land" of sinsemilla farmers. Representatives from the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and the U.S. Customs predictably pleaded for more agents and more equipment.

As usual, Dornan took the most brazen tack, citing coke and grass as "killer" drugs, calling Los Angeles the "rape, marijuana and cocaine capital" of the country, and even taking a swipe at HIGH TIMES as "a magazine which pushes drugs in every sense of the word." (How many senses are there?)

But perhaps the most dispiriting revelation was the apparent inability or unwillingness, in 1981, of elected government officials to draw any distinctions whatever among the drugs they so heartily condemned. This was a neat trick insofar as it ignored priorities suggested by Mayor Tom Bradley—who noted a 500 percent increase in PCP busts citywide since 1977—and even by the DEA's George Halpin, who emphasized Los Angeles's special niche as "the supply center for diverted (prescription) drugs to other parts of the United States."

But PCP and barbiturates aren't sexy "lifestyle" drugs like coke and grass. They're not "Hollywood." And so, every attempt at a rational perspective was smothered in platitudes.

"Drug distinctions should be made," agreed Zeferetti aide Leshin. "But in the current political climate, I don't think the committee is ready to do that." Instead, H.R. 2420, legislation proposed by select-committee members Clay Shaw (R-Fla.) and Billy Lee Evans (D-Ga.) to repeal the Percy amendment banning paraquat use, stands a good chance of passing Congress this year. Meanwhile, the select committee's road show continues, as the congressmen set their sights on the drug quagmire of professional sports. Take heed, Ferguson Jenkins.



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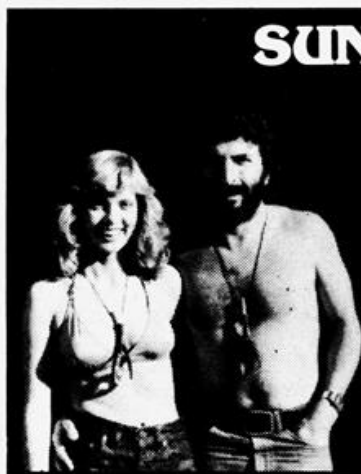
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MUSHROOM KINGS, QUEENS AND KNAVES

by Bud Bogart

"Feed your head," Alice exhorted the world before she bit into the mushroom. The nation's dope dealers have taken this advice to the marketplace. Mushroom people now nearly outnumber acidheads. To judge by the volume of mail and on-site reports from our correspondents, the

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

growing popularity of mushroom highs may soon make the funky fungus America's number one psychedelic of choice.

Mushrooms arrived late on the '60s psychedelic scene. Nomadic hippies returning from Central and South America and the Caribbean told tales of mushroom adventures, but there was little hard information on these strange *hongos* beyond word of mouth and a few anthropological tracts.

In the summer of 1972 the discovery of psilocybin mushrooms triggered a stampede of heads to southern Florida not unlike the gold rush to Sutter's Mill. The blue-and-gold-tipped fungus grew in piles of cow dung, which added to its mystique among adherents and to its debasement among detractors. Stalking mushrooms became such a popular sport that clashes with the law and the establishment inevitably developed. Headhunters were easy for police and forewarned farmers to spot, deprived as they were in the cowfields of even the flimsiest cover. Several 'shroomers were shot and killed by cops or landowners.

Today a mushroom lover can merely buy a kit by mail order, water it, stash it in the closet and stand back. A whole new generation of mycological entrepreneurs is marketing not just mushroom kits, but lights, humidity and temperature controls, vacuum-sealed germinating chambers, infrared-ray systems for "weeding" out harmful bacteria and rival fungi, and computer controls for atmosphere and pressure conditions—all legal, so far.

Not all of these homegrown psychotropics end up stroking their grower's synapses: Most are sold. The two most popular commercial varieties are "blue meanies," a hothouse version of the Florida dung fungus, and *Amanita muscaria*.

A warning to consumers: According to the newsletter of PharmChem, the California drug-analysis firm, "mycologists are not in agreement as to whether this mushroom (*Amanita muscaria*) is deadly or not,

largely because toxicity varies so drastically from zone to zone, climate to climate, specimen to specimen. Mycotoxins within each mushroom are not homogeneously distributed, making one bite potentially more potent than the next, and certainly different human systems will react according to individual body chemistry. Thus there is no standard or necessarily safe dosage." So with that in mind...

Amanitas are glisteny, mottled and bulbous. The heads are red and speckled with white spots. Known in some circles as "electric popcorn," they are the rarer of the two heavies in the mushroom market. The roots are sometimes sold separately. The blue meanies are thinner, turn white and gray shortly after being picked, and look more like the kind you're used to seeing in the woods.

There is an odd anomaly in the pricing of the two. While amanita is less available, it's cheaper. A whole pound of "popcorn" can be bought for less than \$300; ounces sell for around \$25, and a five-gram bag can be picked up for a nickel. The more available psilocybin costs three to six times that much: around \$120 an ounce when dried and about half that when it is still fresh and carries the weight of moisture. A five-gram hit of "silly" runs about \$15.

Mushrooms have become quite fashionable in some quarters, particularly the gay community where they have entered the homophile pharmacopoeia next to butyl nitrite. In Frisco, dime bags of "popcorn" slide under the tables at the leather bars. With wine, mushrooms are said to produce a great body high.

With the demand up, counterfeits are hitting the market. Bogus 'shrooms have turned up at large gatherings such as rockfests and culture symposiums over the last few years. In Madison, Wisconsin, a holdover hippie haven, where people often carry their innocence into their 40s (making the town favored turf for con men), a hundred pounds of Green Giant "frozen mushrooms in butter," dotted with liquid LSD, were sold before the ruse was discovered.

Let's hear it from Possum Breath, Idaho... and anywhere else you smoke or occasionally give in to the drug of your choice. All the clamor for regional listings has been followed by a self-satisfied silence. If you have the dexterity to roll a joint, you can pen a letter. Write THMA, c/o HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023, and tell us what's happening in your neighborhood, what's the quality of your dope, how much it costs, how long you stay stoned. Forklift and Ton Dealers Association members and their families may not participate.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

AUSTRALIA

Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one	12-16
Mullumbimby madness	range reefer	oz	900
Colombian pot	some 'marsh	lb	5-25
Thai sticks	super but sparse	oz	40-100
Compressed Thai	off and on	lb	75-225
Putty hash	Lebanese	lb	800-1200
Nepalese fingers	Frankenstein critic's choice	one	15-20
Indian hash oil	champagne of oils	oz	1000-1200
Mushrooms	wild	lb	160-200
LSD	Korean "tiles"	lb	1100-1600
Mandrax	Sat. nite special	oz	210-250
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	lb	2800-3000
		oz	250-400
		gm	3000-4500
		oz	20-45
		oz	420-620
		oz	50-75
		one	5-7
		one	300-500
		one	3-6
		one	150-400
		gm	140-175
		oz	3000-3200

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	available everywhere	oz	50-65
Gold and red Colombian	gone faster than a speeding bullet	lb	500-650
Hawaiian buds	aloha	lb	60-85
Mexican tops	a few in season	lb	500-750
California sinsemilla	nada	lb	325-350
Homegrown pot	mild	lb	2800-3600
Hash	headscratcher red and blond Leb	lb	50-85
LSD	your choice	lb	450-650
Mandrax	Brian Jones's favorite	oz	200-275
Cocaine	look out for Bigfoot	oz	2000-2600
		one	10-15
		one	50-200
		one	140-175
		one	1900-2500
		one	4-10
		one	200-450
		one	3-6
		one	275-450
		gm	110-160
		oz	1850-2500

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	slow	oz	10-15
golds, reds	buy the plantation	lb	60-100
Commercial domestic	forgettable	lb	2-5
Colombian hash	a lost cause	lb	30-80
Hash oil	not worth the effort	lb	8-25
Mushrooms	good assortment	lb	100-225
Cocaine		lb	150-200
		oz	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	symbol	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	subtle, typically European	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
Black Afghani hash	problems solved	kilo	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	60-120
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	1200-2200
		kilo	100-150
		gm	100-150
		kilo	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	200
Cocaine base	lots	lb	6-10
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	oz	70-100
LSD	traded for blow	one	2-4
		one	40-60
		one	negotiable
		one	25-40
		one	5

ENGLAND

African grass	dedicated potheads only	oz	90-100
Colombian grass	down to a trickle	lb	750-1000
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	oz	100-175
Thai sticks	great, rare	lb	850-1200
Homegrown	shaping up as record year	one	10
Jamaican pot	lots on the reggae circuit	oz	110-130
Black Kashmir hash	high tide	one	15-25
Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	oz	free to 50
Paki black hash	extraordinaire	lb	100-350
Nepal temple ball hash	world's finest	oz	100-125
Hash oil	palpable, palatable	lb	1100-1250
LSD	considerable of late	oz	150-200
Cocaine	scarce but there	lb	1750-2000
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	gm	20-30
		one	475-525
		one	7-10
		one	500-700
		gm	135-180
		oz	270
		one	3-6

FRANCE

African pot	dominates weed market	gr	2.50-3
Colombian pot	extremely rare	oz	65-80
Moroccan hash	several flavors	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash	fresh and fragrant	gr	6-8
Lebanese kif	known as "zero-zero"	oz	90-110
LSD	pyramids, red stars, dots, blots	oz	8-12
Speed	hot on the punk scene	gr	100-125
Cocaine	and long Parisian nights	one	10
		one	4-7
		one	4-6
		gr	125-200

JAPAN

Colombian pot	scarce, feeble	oz	120-300
Philippine pot	expanding market	lb	1200-1600
Homegrown	should stick to cars	oz	45-50
Thai sticks	fresh and pungent	lb	500-600
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	oz	90-120
Hokkaido sticks	handsome but dumb	lb	900-1200
Philippine hash	superstar	one	40-75
Lebanese hash	they love it here	one	400-750
LSD	British imports	one	40-60
Mushrooms	greenhouse excellent	gr	25-40
Opium	questionable advanced	oz	300-375
Cocaine	Japanese model	gr	50
Speed		one	10-20
		gr	50
		gr	25-50
		gr	80-150
		gr	75-85

MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	by the Bronco-full	oz	7-12
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	lb	60-120
Acapulco gold	ay caramba	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos when around	lb	50-80
Cocaine	don't be a chump	oz	10-20
Opium	searching for a market	lb	50-100
		lb	400-700
		oz	50-100
		lb	400-600

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
King of Prussia, Penn.	"apple tab" LSD	one	2.50-3
Roanoke, Va.	decent Colombian	oz	35
Bozeman, Mont.	flinty flake, pink and pure	gr	140
Detroit	seedy Afroweed, boring	lb	22,750
Orlando, Fla.	mixed 'lombo	oz	40
Los Angeles	"Fat Freddy" blots	50-lb bale	9250
		1000	350

Las Vegas	black cadillacs, real	10	7
St. Louis	loose joints, Mex	3 j's	1
San Juan, P.R.	boot 'ludes	100	50
Hog Scaled Hollow, Ark.	early sinse leaf	oz	25

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	reaching for the sun	NA	
Commercial Mexican	trucker's special	oz	10-40
Top-grade Mexican	Where have all these flowers gone?	lb	100-435
Mexican sinsemilla	over the next hill	oz	50-75
Jamaican	appears and disappears	lb	475-650
Jamaican sinsemilla	pretty respectable	oz	55-65
Commercial Colombian	biggest glut in years	lb	500-600
Connoisseur Colombian	an excellent year, but late	oz	35-45
Thai sticks	needless packaging costs	one	375-450
Loose Thai	foot-long buds	oz	70-100
Various Africans	so what?	lb	700-1000
Hawaiian	price downswing	oz	250-350
Moroccan hash	excellent head this season	lb	40-55
Citral hash	fresh as a flower	oz	180-225
Lebanese hash	ubiquitous	lb	170-200
Black Afghani hash	watch for imposters	oz	1200-1800
Nepalese fingers	and balls	lb	40-55
Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz	425-550
Hash oils	out of favor with buyers	gm	125-225
Psilocybin mushrooms, dried	"blue meemies"	oz	90-125
Peyote	tough to come by right now	lb	1100-1750
LSD	lots of blots	one	175
Cocaine	slow season	oz	1825-2200
Methaqualone	some real bulldozers	one	100-130
Crosses and black beauts	resurgence	100	900-1450
		100	150-200
		100	1700-2300
		100	175-225
		100	1700-2500
		100	150
		100	1350-1800
		100	35-65
		100	500-1000
		100	125-175
		100	35-60
		100	300-500
		100	1.50-5.00
		100	150-300
		100	85-140
		100	1900-2500
		100	4-6
		100	300-500
		100	25-200

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	prices more in line of late	oz	45-55
Domestic weed	greenhouse variety okay	lb	430-550
Mexican weed	vanishing act	oz	15-35
Mainland sinsemilla	B-grade here; A-1 there	lb	75-175
Lebanese hash	big mover	oz	50-65
Cocaine	not much	lb	500-600
		gm	225-300
		oz	2000-2750
		gm	15-20
		oz	130-200
		gm	100-150
		oz	2000-2800

Hawaii

Puna buds	overrated, overpriced	oz	150-200
Kona gold	banana-size buds	lb	1500-1950
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	150-200
Maui wowie	barter for best price	lb	1500-1750
LSD	fresh from the lab	oz	125-200
Mushrooms	for cheap	one	1600-2200
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	2-4
Amphetamines	speedy relief	oz	75-125
		one	1800-2500
		one	2

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

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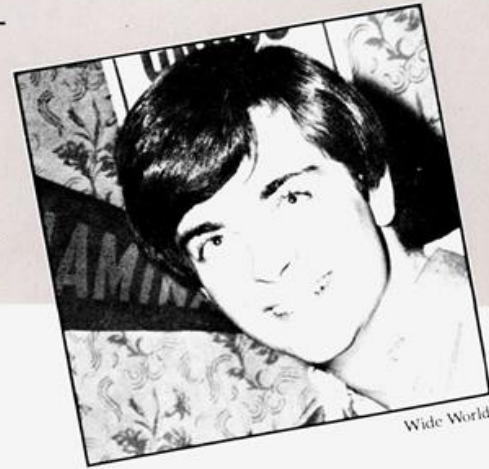
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TOMMY RETTIG



He was cute and a natural ham, so when a drama-teacher neighbor in his Manhattan apartment house suggested to Tommy Rettig's mother that he try out for the child lead in "Annie Get Your Gun," it was no surprise that the five-year-old prodigy got the part. For two years he toured with Mary Martin from Peoria to Portland; typical accolades said the kid stole the show.

After that came a flurry of movie parts. His hair was dyed blond, and he got to show his stuff with the likes of Jimmy Stewart, Van Heflin, Marilyn Monroe and Robert Mitchum—16 films in all, along with cameos in virtually every top TV show of the day. He was good, so good that Stanley Kramer cast him as the lead in *The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T*. Now a cult classic, it was sandbagged by Columbia Pictures chief Harry Cohn because he wanted to punish Kramer for leaving the studio.

Rettig, meanwhile, managed to catch the eye of Rudd Weatherwax—the creator, owner and trainer of the canny canine, Lassie. Within weeks, Rettig was a star in his own right, as the boy sidekick to the fluffy heroine (though the dog was in real life a male—*deus ex canina*). The show, "Lassie," was, for Rettig's four years on it, consistently near the top of the ratings. He had it made. Until... until he decided that he wanted to live the normal life of a '50s teenager and sued to get out of the series. He won the suit and became a world-champ drag-car racer, among other things. He married, sired two sons and tried to get back into show biz. It was a disaster—a crumb here, a crumb there—"I decided not to take it anymore. The casting calls, the cocktail parties where you hated everybody there, the meeting with agents, all of it sucked."

Rettig then took a dip into the pond of record producing and personal management. He was a mild success. Cashing in his Hollywood chips, Rettig moved his family to a farm in Northern California, seeking the idyll of farm life. Notoriety did not elude him, however: He was busted for growing pot in 1972. He pleaded guilty and got six months' probation; the IRS confiscated his property. The property was restored, eventually, but the ordeal was costly, monetarily and psychologically. He lost his farm and, later on, his marriage dissolved. In 1975 he was arrested for conspiracy to import cocaine. Rettig and an associate were sentenced to five and a half years in prison. After a number of appeals, charges were finally dismissed in 1979; it seems the Drug Enforcement Administration had "exceeded the scope of the search warrant." In the meantime, Rettig held a series of menial jobs, while pursuing a career as a freelance photographer and aspiring screenwriter. In May of last year he was busted once again in an alleged "cocaine raid" near Los Angeles. Due to a lack of evidence, charges against him were never filed.

Currently a successful businessman in Los Angeles, Tom ("I've hated 'Tommy' since I was thirteen") Rettig is an avowed champion of "recreational drugs." Over several bottles of the exquisite Peruvian delectable, Pisco, Rettig discussed with *HIGH TIMES* interviewer Ken Kelley his experiences as a child star, and his feelings about the state of drugs in America.

Lassie's co-star on Nixon, Marilyn Monroe and cocaine

by Ken Kelley

HIGH TIMES: You were, what, five years old when you started in show biz?

RETTIG: Yeah, "Annie Get Your Gun," 1947. Two years on the road, thirty-seven states.

HIGH TIMES: Was it fun?

RETTIG: Yeah, a ball. I loved living out of a train, doing one-nighters, seeing the country, getting stuck in a flood in Oklahoma, being fawned on by everyone in the troupe.

HIGH TIMES: What were your favorite gigs?

RETTIG: When I was ten—we're jumping ahead a bit—I did *The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T*. Dr. Seuss wrote it, Stanley Kramer produced it, and Hans Conreid played the villain. I was the narrator of the film. There was this gigantic premiere in New York at the Criterion Theater. Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford were there. I was escorted by Marilyn Monroe! A national tour was planned. Next night I got the call to fly home. That was it. It played a week and closed. That was my only starring role in a feature motion picture.

HIGH TIMES: Right after you shot it you did *River of No Return* with Monroe, right?

RETTIG: Yeah, and when I got the role I was a lot more excited about being with her husband, Joe Dimaggio, than her. Rob-

"Lassie taught me the dog's philosophy: If you can't eat it or fuck it, piss on it."

ert Mitchum, too. I was real worried about Marilyn, worried that I'd get excommunicated from the Catholic Church. Or at least spend a whole lot of time in purgatory. I was still very, very Catholic. I was scared to death about it. I was too embarrassed to tell her that, but I did want to talk to a priest first—"Hey, Father, can I really do this script?" But it was great, I had a ton of fun. I was eleven at the time and she felt threatened by all the other adults in the show-biz world, or at least that's how it seemed to me. We used to travel for forty-five minutes a day in this train to go to location—she had the caboose so she wouldn't have to be with all the other people. This was way up north in the Bow River in Canada. I was the only one allowed in the caboose, because I was just a kid. We kind of hung out together during the picture. She'd always play with me.

HIGH TIMES: Oh yeah?

RETTIG: Get your mind out of the gutter. I'd go see her at night and we'd read scripts together and play cards and talk; we'd play word games. She was real smart, real nice, and real sweet. The first night I ever saw her without her makeup on, without any phoniness—she just had on this terrycloth robe, towel on her hair—she looked stunning, more spectacular than in any pictures I'd ever seen her in. They always piled tons of makeup on her to make her in a certain way, and she was really a beautiful, sensual woman in her own right.

HIGH TIMES: So you developed a rather special relationship with her?

RETTIG: Yeah. I took her side in all of the hassles on the set. I kind of felt that I was protecting her, you know. I had this terrible crush on her by the end of the picture.

HIGH TIMES: You stopped thinking about purgatory, did you?

RETTIG: Yeah, and started thinking about pussy. I didn't keep too much in touch with her after that, because, after all, I was a kid,

prepubescent and all. She *did* consent to be my date to the opening of *5,000 Fingers*, though, and what a thrill that was. I'd call her up from time to time and she was always real glad to hear from me.

HIGH TIMES: So how did you get the "Lassie" tryout?

RETTIG: I got it off of *5,000 Fingers*. There was this little shaggy dog on it, and Frank Weatherwax was working the dog. One day we were all sitting around, and Frank said, listen, my brother Rudd just got the rights back from MGM for Lassie, and said have your agent check into it. I did, and I went for a screen test. Three of us came through the screen test. We each had to spend a week out at Lassie's ranch, and whoever got along best with the dog got the part.

HIGH TIMES: So Lassie selected you, in fact?

RETTIG: Yeah, dog was this man's best friend, for sure. Actually, Lassie had this casting couch and whoever bent over first got the part. Ahem. Lassie was, of course, always male.

HIGH TIMES: Laddie?

RETTIG: Yeah. We lasted on the show for four years. It was number two to "I Love Lucy" for at least two out of the four years, back and forth for the different weeks. We got an award during the show—an Emmy for "Best Children's Series" in 1955, and I got the Billboard Award for Best Actor in a Network Children's Television Show—*Billboard* wasn't just musical back then, and it was a prestigious award.

HIGH TIMES: You also got to meet Nixon back then?

RETTIG: Yeah. It was great. My mom was a Democrat and I was scared to death that she was gonna blow it. First I was going to hell with Monroe, and now to Republican hell with Nixon. We were supposed to be guests of Eisenhower for the week—but Ike had his heart attack and so we got to be Tricky Dick's guests. The whole cast—me, Jan Clayton, George Cleveland...and of course, *Lassie*! I got this picture autographed to me from Nixon, shaking hands with the bastard. I had it up in my house as a kid, and then, as I became more politically aware, I started hiding it deeper and deeper in my archives. When he got elected, I almost buried it. But when Watergate happened, I put it back on my wall.

HIGH TIMES: Was it tough having a regular relationship with your peers, you being a movie star and all?

RETTIG: A whole lot. The kids put you on a pedestal. I didn't like it. I wanted to have a normal childhood. Normal relationships. My mom really did a lot for that. She encouraged me to have friends out of the business.

HIGH TIMES: Why did you get out of "Lassie"?

RETTIG: We sued the producers of the show for four years in a row. One year they put

out a Lassie doll with my picture on it and paid me no royalties. They owned the name Lassie and they owned the name of my role, Jeff Miller. We took them to court and they had to either take my picture off or pay me a royalty, so they took the picture off. Another year we took them to court because they told us they were going to pay my salary in savings bonds: "We owe Tommy ten thousand dollars so we'll pay him seventy-five hundred dollars and in three years it'll be ten thousand dollars." Unbelievable shit. So, in the last year, the whole cast sued for release from our contracts. It didn't upset the producer at all: "I've still got the dog, don't I?" And he did. That's all it took. I'm now syndicated under "Jeff's Collie," and, of course, I make not one cent in residuals.

HIGH TIMES: Hooray for Hollywood. You did "Burns and Allen." What was it like?

RETTIG: Look, I did almost all the hit shows. They were all just another gig. You go there, you get your script, you say some lines, Gracie Allen says some lines, people laugh, George Burns says some lines, people laugh, show ends, you ask for their autograph, pick up your check and go home.

HIGH TIMES: Fun?

RETTIG: It was work.

HIGH TIMES: Wasn't it something of a thrill, though?

RETTIG: Of course it was. It was a thrill to meet George and Gracie, it was a thrill to meet Jimmy Stewart, Victor Mature, Bob Mitchum. All of 'em...

HIGH TIMES: Mitchum. He had been busted for pot in 1947. That was before you worked with him.

RETTIG: He also got busted on the set when we were doing *River of No Return*. He was driving to work one day and got popped. I don't remember that much about it except that he didn't show up for a couple of days. My mom reminded me that he'd been arrested for marijuana. Marijuana. Boy, I thought that was just terrible. How could this great man do this to his life? I pictured him laying in a gutter sticking a needle of very fine green powder up his arteries. When he came back to the set, his eyes weren't even red. Of course, he never talked about it, and I never mentioned it. I mean, what would I say? "Hey, Bob, got any good stash?"

HIGH TIMES: You did some guest appearances on talk shows then.

RETTIG: Yeah. I did Art Linkletter about four times. He gave me the Gold Star Milky Way Award for Best Child Actor—I got it four times in a row. It's somewhat ironic, you see, because his daughter, Diane, jumped out a window years later, and Art blamed it on the fact that she'd dropped LSD six months earlier. Ironic, to me, because of my later drug charges which we'll get into shortly, right?

HIGH TIMES: In time, right. But let's continue with the chronology. When you were with Lassie, you did some guest appearances with said dog, no?

RETTIG: We'd do all kinds of personal ap-

pearances. Hospitals, charities, The Canadian National Exhibition with Ed Sullivan ... Jesus, all kinds.

HIGH TIMES: What did you do for kicks?

RETTIG: Look, when you're fourteen years old and out on the road there isn't a whole lot to do and wherever you can raise a little hell you're going to. One of the things I discovered was, just before Lassie was supposed to walk out onstage, you could reach underneath and jack him off a little bit and Lassie would strut out humping the air, looking around, very horny, and little kids in the audience would go, "Mommy, what's Lassie doing?"

HIGH TIMES: Did Lassie dig it?

RETTIG: I never asked, but he seemed happy enough.

HIGH TIMES: How many Lassies were there when you were on the show?

RETTIG: There were three dogs. Just like any actor. There was the actor you saw that did everything on screen. Then there was the double, who did the stuff like going through windows and off of trucks—he was always in bandages. And there was Laddie, the easy stand-in. Plus I had a stand-in and a double, who was a midget.

HIGH TIMES: A midget?

RETTIG: Who're they gonna get, Wilt Chamberlain? Of course I had a midget—they didn't want another kid they had to put through school.

HIGH TIMES: So by day you're this sweet li'l farm boy playing fetch with the dog and by night you're smoking cigarettes, getting drunk and sometimes getting laid.

RETTIG: Well, I didn't get laid till I was fifteen, the last year of the show. Yes, fucking girls and drinking whiskey—in those days there was nothing else to do! To get you high. I mean, there was, but white kids didn't hear about it. I wanted to go to regular high school—it looked like a lot of fun. We shot "Lassie" during the summer, six days a week, and I couldn't go to parties on Friday nights. I was just starting to get heavily into girls and cars and cigarettes and booze, and I wanted to have a normal chance to have fun.

HIGH TIMES: So what was your new high school like?

RETTIG: Well, I went to school with Jan and Dean, Ryan O'Neal, some of the Beach Boys—we all used to party together. We raised a lot of hell. We had a garbage fight our senior year. Two clubs at University High decided to have a fight one night, the night of the 1959 UCLA Homecoming. And it was all in good fun. You know—the '50s, very much a stereotype of what you think of the '50s as. Five years later it would have been called a riot and we would have all been put in jail. It was an enormous fight—we turned over a paddy wagon. We kind of demolished Westwood. It was fun. And they canceled Homecoming for five years after that.

HIGH TIMES: So was it much easier getting laid because you were this star, albeit a runt?

RETTIG: Not so much that I was a hotshot movie star—that could have made things

more difficult. Stars don't have such a good rep—you know, drugs and decadence—all of it deserved. But I had this great rep of being the innocent little kid next door who loves dogs. Parents would let their daughters stay out later because it's Lassie's kid. More opportunity for me.

HIGH TIMES: Wasn't it about then that you met your wife, Darlene?

RETTIG: Yeah, I met her right after I graduated—1959. We got married that December. I was eighteen, she was fifteen. My son Tom came in the first year. I wanted to live life as a normal guy. I wanted to know what real life was like. I sold men's clothes, I delivered flowers.

HIGH TIMES: Why?

RETTIG: Because it was normal.

HIGH TIMES: So your idea of a good time was selling Fuller brushes?

RETTIG: No, I just wanted to have a chance at the real world. Then I found out through working a series of straight jobs that straight jobs suck!

HIGH TIMES: How could you not have known that?

RETTIG: I'd been told that, but how could I know that? In show biz, everybody took pride in their work—even the grips—and it seemed fascinating. You carry the wires, you lay 'em down right, you're part of the team and you can look at the movie once it's made and say, hey, I had a hand in that. But you sell fourteen pairs of Levis and you go home that night and it doesn't make you feel like cracking open the champagne.

HIGH TIMES: So you gave up the real world?

RETTIG: Well, I tried to. I've been pushed back into it at various stages, through necessity, not choice.

HIGH TIMES: When did you try to get back into acting?

RETTIG: When I was about twenty. Once in a while there was some TV offer and I'd take it. I had prints made up of me in all different kinds of poses. Rick Nelson, James Dean, Elvis, Fabian—anything, I'd try it. But I was still the sweet young kid from "Lassie."

HIGH TIMES: But no breakthroughs.

RETTIG: I did a couple of guest shots. I turned down some sleazy features. I had a three-picture deal in Europe and turned that down. I didn't want to be typecast. Anyway, right after "Lassie," I got into the music business. I had some offers to make a record—Ricky Nelson was doing it, after all. But even in *5,000 Fingers of Dr. T.* my voice was dubbed because I *couldn't* carry a tune.

HIGH TIMES: That never stopped Ricky Nelson.

RETTIG: Well, that's what they told me, but I've always been a perfectionist in my work and I wouldn't let them release what I'd cut. We cut like four or five

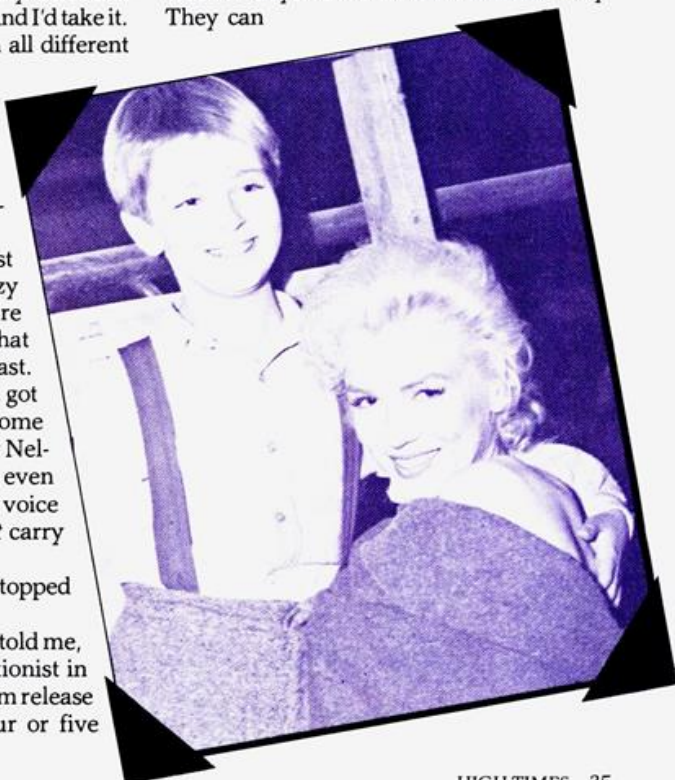
tunes. The one they wanted to release was called "An Organ, a Candle, and a Bible."

HIGH TIMES: Sounds like the background music to a Joan of Arc orgy.

RETTIG: Well, it just sucked. Then I learned to play guitar and I started writing songs and my mother formed for me a publishing business, so we started publishing and managing artists. We had Jackie DeShannon, Johnny and Dorsey Burnette, Tommy Sands, the Tokens. Date Records, that was my label. The Tokens were an integrated group, and back then Vegas wouldn't touch 'em. They played clubs in Oxnard and things like that.

HIGH TIMES: So you gave up the music biz?

RETTIG: I was really bummed out, spending four grand on a session and making a dollar twenty-five. I had two kids and a wife I loved, but I couldn't get sufficient work in the business I'd trained for all my life—acting. I took it all very personally, and it gave me a lousy self-image. I was still thought of as a kid actor even though I was in my mid twenties. I mean, the only reason you're here now is that I was the kid on "Lassie." I'm still the "Lassie kid." And ten years ago it was worse. When they were doing beach-party movies there had to be a degree of sexuality and a degree of delinquency that I had not portrayed. And though I knew I could—was, in fact, in real life, like that—I wasn't cast in those roles. I tried out for them, but I'd hear "no" a lot. It was fucked. It was the worst period of my life. I had all this gigantic acceptance as a kid, and all of a sudden there was this monumental rejection. They were rejecting this image of a kid on "Lassie," not me as an actor. It really pissed me off—producers had this general impression that whatever talent and gifts you had learned how to use as a kid, as soon as you were twenty-one it dried up. That was for boys. Girls were a different story. They can





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cute to gorgeous.

HIGH TIMES: So child acting is as bad as it's made out to be?

RETTIG: Yeah, it's the nature of the business. It's nobody's fault. My mother tried to protect and warn me, but even when you're warned, it's devastating. I was totally devastated for four years in the mid '60s when I tried to buck the tide. I was in my mid twenties. I'd been trying and trying to get some work. In 1965 I got a series, a daytime soap opera on ABC—"Never Too Young" I bought a house with a swimming pool. I was making five hundred dollars a week—I'd made twenty-five hundred dollars a week the last year of "Lassie"—but it was still good bread. The show lasted nine months. By 1968 I was making a thousand dollars per week but only doing four weeks the entire year. But they were good weeks!

HIGH TIMES: When did you start getting into drugs?

RETTIG: That question, although I know what you're getting at, peeves me. I don't like the term *drugs*, period. It's not adequate. There's a big difference between somebody who does acid on weekends and somebody who takes downers every day. When somebody says to me, "That guy's on drugs," I want to know what he's on, and is he using or abusing.

HIGH TIMES: You mean it's like saying, "That guy's political." Does that mean he's a Republican or a Communist?

RETTIG: Exactly. Anyway, after "Never Too Young" ended in 1966, it was really the pits for me.

HIGH TIMES: You still believed in God and martinis then?

RETTIG: Yes, I must say, but in reverse order. A lot of my friends were fooling around with drugs then. The Beatles had already been out for a few years, hair was growing longer, and marijuana started to show up at parties and so on. I had always turned it

down—to me, smoking pot was absolutely the worst thing in the world. I thought of it as an addiction, and all my friends who smoked it, I felt they really needed help. I felt they were sick. Meanwhile, I'm downing eight scotches a night. It was, "Yeah, I just drink socially," while throwing up on your shoes. It didn't make any sense, but it was what I'd been taught and I was scared to death of "drugs." To me, marijuana was the first step, and that's it!

HIGH TIMES: Did you think back to Bob Mitchum?

RETTIG: I thought more back to Huntz Hall. One of my "Annie" reviews had been on the same page where, right beneath my review, there was an item about Hall

getting busted for marijuana. He was one of the original Dead End Kids. And I remember looking at the review and then my mom pointing out, "Look at this, this kid actor caught with marijuana, and it ruined his life." She didn't know enough at the time to say that the only reason everything was ruined was because of the laws—that it wasn't the ingredients in the pot that ruined his life.

HIGH TIMES: When did you begin questioning that attitude?

RETTIG: Well, stories about pot had been appearing more and more in print, and I was a big fan of the Beatles... But anyway, aside from alcohol and nicotine, LSD was the first drug I ever took. I read a lot about it, and it wasn't illegal, and it wasn't just getting high, and there seemed to be some reason for taking it. Some psychological growth could occur. I went to a lecture by Dr. Barbara Brown, who first coined the term *biofeedback*, and she was doing a lot with psychedelics back then. I volunteered to be in one of her experiments with LSD. It was the most beautiful experience of my life. The next day I sold my guns and bought a strobe light.

HIGH TIMES: You collected guns?

RETTIG: Just a few tiny little guns. [Laughs.] I used to kill squirrels.

HIGH TIMES: Not narcs?

RETTIG: No comment. [Laughs.] Anyway, she suggested to me that I might want to try marijuana. So the next day I found myself with my "addict" pothead friends. I smoked about an ounce of pot in one of those floor hookahs. Shortly thereafter I built a kaleidoscope projector for film effects, and we'd all sit around and listen to *Sgt. Pepper* while taking down. I became a "drug addict" myself. My career was already ruined. I had nothing to lose.

HIGH TIMES: Did you still believe in God after taking LSD?

RETTIG: Well, not as a Catholic, but sure. My experience was a very religious one. That's

what I went into LSD looking for, having read [Aldous] Huxley's *Heaven and Hell* and [Alan] Watts's *The Joyous Cosmology*. Acid wasn't getting a whole lot of bad press at the time, and as I saw the whole bad-press thing happen, I became aware that the government had done a whole lie on all the other benign drugs as well. It became clear to me that the government wanted no real drug education.

HIGH TIMES: So how did acid and marijuana change your life?

RETTIG: About my fourth or fifth acid trip I had a really bad one, up against the wall for four days, four nights, paranoid, introspective, bad self-image, fighting a lot with reality and unreality and wanting things to be one way versus the way they were. I made one of the hardest decisions I ever had to make, and I said that's it, I'm going to stop acting for a period of time. Out of necessity, not choice, I wound up with my own production company, Potpourri Productions. I had that from 1967 to '71. Won a few awards for my quality, produced over a hundred TV commercials and business films—all L.A. stuff.

HIGH TIMES: So then what?

RETTIG: In 1971 I went to Peru with a couple of friends of mine.

HIGH TIMES: Why Peru?

RETTIG: Because cocaine was starting to happen then. And we envisioned it being like the very early days of marijuana, like going to Mexico in the '60s. And in fact it wasn't like that. But I'd just always been involved in the cultural phenomena of drugs, ever since I took LSD. I got back from the Peru trip in early December. I turned thirty and my mother died. Boom-boom, back to back. I sold my Porsche and with the money from that and some money I'd saved I bought a farm in San Luis Obispo.

HIGH TIMES: How'd you make money?

RETTIG: I raised organic crops. Seven acres of walnuts alone. Contrary to popular belief, the pot I was caught growing on the farm I wasn't growing for income.

HIGH TIMES: How much were you caught with?

RETTIG: About four hundred plants.

HIGH TIMES: Each of them personally useful, huh?

RETTIG: See, I'd never had any experience growing marijuana before, and... [laughs] I had a tractor, and what can I say. I grew rows of corn, rows of tomatoes and rows of dope. Anyway, one day my younger son, Deane, comes into my room and says, "Dad, there's a whole bunch of cops at the door who want to talk to you." He was thirteen at the time.

HIGH TIMES: What raced through your mind?

RETTIG: First thing? "Good. There goes the Lassie image." Really. They had a warrant, and they arrested me and Darlene. The kids are crying and it's like, oh shit, who can we call? So we called the neighbors next door—turned out later they were the ones who'd snitched us off to the cops. We didn't know until we came home, after they took care of our kids all night, and they told us. Two-

grand bail. I was just charged with cultivation, not sale.

HIGH TIMES: Cultivation of ten zillion pounds?

RETTIG: I have an enormous appetite. I copped a plea to possession, got a year's probation and a five-hundred-dollar fine. But this was during Nixon's War on Drugs, remember. So one sunny day this IRS agent comes to the door and hands me a tax bill for fifteen thousand dollars. He said, "Well, this is December and you were caught with thirty pounds. We figure you had thirty pounds in November, and thirty pounds in October," and so on. That's the way they computed it, and they went all the way back for that year on a per-joint street-sale value. They towed my tractor, put a lien on my farm, took my car off to storage. Nine months later, they matter-of-factly said, "Sorry, we're wrong, here's your tractor back." It cost me about thirty-five hundred dollars to get it ironed out, not including lost revenue.

So then I moved to Morro Bay and set up a photography studio there. Photography had always been something of a living for me—I'm good at it, and whenever I need a few bucks I can always earn a living at it. I shot weddings, portfolios, nature work. I paid my dues. And one of the guys I had met through these friends had been a pot smuggler. He was about to expand his operation by smuggling cocaine from Peru. I said to him, "Hey, you want to document this, you want to do it right? Let me go with you and I'll document it." The cocaine trail still hadn't been covered, and I'd been to Peru before, and I was fascinated by it. I had an opportunity to travel with a smuggler and document the entire episode. I checked with a lawyer first who assured me that mere presence is not a crime.

HIGH TIMES: Who did you go with?

RETTIG: I'm glad you asked that, because the guy turned out to be a snitch. His name is Clifford Welsh. I've been waiting five years to get that name into print. I made two trips with him, one at the beginning of 1974, the other at the end of the year. I wasn't able to talk about this before because the case was pending. Clifford Welsh is tall, blond, he's from Southern California, he's got a perforated septum, and one unmistakable physical feature.

HIGH TIMES: What might that be?

RETTIG: On the inside of his lower lip there is a tattoo: I EAT PUSSY. In our trial we tried to get his lower lip into evidence but the judge wouldn't allow it. I mean, the man is *branded*. So when I went down there the first time with him and his girl friend, he had this hollowed-out chessboard that his girl friend was gonna bring back with the coke inside. He was gonna buy the stuff, he had the connections. And as soon as we got down there, the two of them just went crazy. They started tooting all the coke they could get, and they bought about two kilos.

HIGH TIMES: Did you indulge?

continued on page 67

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No one seems quite sure why it's happening, but dope dealers, dope users and antidope crusaders all agree: More people are swallowing acid these days than at any time since the early 1970s. And according to all sources, the acid they're swallowing is mostly of the blotter variety. Stars, wizards, political symbols, chemical equations, flying saucers, zodiac signs, flowers and a menagerie of animals and cartoon characters vie for the buyer's eye. This proliferation of colorful hits reflects a new concept that's developed in the marketing of the drug: Sellers of so-called name-brand acid are now taking elaborate steps to protect their product from would-be forgers by imprinting the blotter with their own inimitable logos.

One of the snazziest and most forge-proof packaging jobs the dope world has ever seen is a 4,000-hit bundle of Sorcerer's Apprentice blotter acid—so called because each hit is imprinted with a four-color portrait of Mickey Mouse as he appeared in the Disney animation *Fantasia*, with pointed hat and magic wand. The glistening silk-screened image is a quality printing job, not easy to duplicate cheaply or quickly. The package is made up of 40 sheets of absorbent blotter paper, each sheet divided by perforations into 100 individual hits. Each bundle of 40 blotter sheets is sealed in metal foil and put in a cardboard box, which is then further sealed with wax and festooned with another mouse emblem—altogether enough paranoid measures to secure the KGB's highest classified rating. The Sorcerer's Apprentice bundle contains one gram of LSD: 4,000 hits equals one gram in the acid world, no matter how much LSD is on each hit. It's much like the standard that dictates that a nickel bag of pot is five dollars worth, with the amount of weed varying widely. Only recently, with the advent of space-age technology in acid labs, has uniformity of doses been approximated.

Sorcerer's Apprentice acid was a limited edition, so don't expect to find Mickey waiting for you on the ticket line for *Excalibur*. Most middle-level LSD dealers buy acid in bulk and then produce their own "brand" of blotter acid using a stamp or silk screen to put their logo on the sheets. So there is often a variety of blotter acids on the market. They may look totally different from one another, but they're all loaded with the same acid. Likewise, even if a blotter manufacturer obtains his LSD from different sources, he may distribute blotters that are standard in appearance. The resulting confusion lies at the heart of the dispute that has burgeoned into the War of the Logos.

The blotter that started the acid wars was a little scrap of paper called red dragon that circulated in 1978 and 1979. Bright red Chinese dragons (later a green variation was added), these blotters were pleasant, plentiful and cheap. While they were usually advertised at 100 to 150 micrograms of LSD, the average hit of dragon almost always

"There is no question about the direction of psychedelics—eventually they have a positive effect on society."

—Peter Stafford

"The 1980s will produce the third generation of psychoactive drugs, as far advanced over primitive botanicals as current microchip computers are over the old adding machine. The 1980s will bring a neurological drug explosion that will totally transform Western culture. We will love better, live longer, and get smarter."

—Timothy Leary, Ph.D.

LSD 81



WHY ACID NOW?

The latest theories, rumors and raw speculation on the genesis of the current acid renaissance.

WHY NOT ACID?: Polydrug abusers have had something new come along every few years for a long time now. People kept themselves amused with hash, ups, downs, nitrous, peyote, cocaine, poppers, Quaaludes, sinsemilla, PCP, opium, smack, Cannabis indica, freebase. The '80s bring nothing really new in the recreational-drug world. Many turn to alcohol, only to remember why they were never heavy drinkers. It's time to recycle a blast from the past.

THE FORCE: Star Wars is credited with causing entirely straight audiences to flash back to 2001: A Space Odyssey, the premier acid cult movie. The flashy visual effects of the film *Altered States* may also have spurred the acid revival. Its corneal delights not only dazzle those tripping inside the theater, but may be contributing to the growing realization that eating mushrooms and de-evolving back into an ape is more interesting than learning to adjust one's lifestyle to double-digit inflation. →

MARKETING THE BETTER BLOTTER

"I think psychedelics will be less important in the next ten years as literally hundreds of new drugs will come along to accelerate consciousness and intelligence in myriads of new dimensions."

—Robert Anton Wilson

by Bob Stearne
photography by Steve Cooper



THE TEN WORST PLACES TO TRIP

LSD does not mix at all well with environments of fear. Of course, it is guaranteed that every item on my bumner list is on someone else's list of "Favorite Things to Do on Acid." I'm sure some people will write in to say that they had their best goddamn trip while being beaten on the soles of their feet in a Turkish prison.

Santa Fe state prison, or, for that matter, any state or federal lockup.

At your IRS tax audit.

At home under the scrutiny of suspicious parents who turn into Sphinxes and dolphins while they're pointedly asking if you're high.

Anywhere large people with weapons mean you harm.

Going for that big job interview.

Anywhere you have to maintain flawless stupidity—at a government job or TV script meetings, for example.

Going to pick up mail in Belfast.

Any situation, social or business, that calls for elaborate lying.

Testifying in divorce court in an attempt to gain custody of the children.

And, of course, the immortal "being tied spread-eagled to stakes in a blazing desert, face-up with your eyelids cut off, your naked body smeared with honey to bait the ravenous red ants" bit.

WHY ACID NOW?

MUSHROOM MAGIC: Within the last four or five years, the development and sale of kits for growing magic mushrooms quickly and easily have made that particular hallucinogen readily available. Timothy Leary turned on with psilocybin years before Michael Hollingshead provided him with LSD, and many people today are doing the same two-step. Mushrooms are far less potent and concentrated than LSD, and eating 'shrooms is a somewhat less risky proposition than taking LSD. After a few mushroom experiences, people might then decide it's time to do acid. Or not.

FREE RADICALS: According to this theory, the persecuted and persecuted acid chemists of yesteryear are now out of jail, and some of them are operating again, or at least sharing their expertise with other chemists.

OPERATION JULIE: A rumor circulated widely by *Owl* magazine has it that during the 1977 trial involving Great Britain's biggest-ever LSD bust, the underground chemists' formula for making LSD was published in the transcripts. The equation was relatively simple to follow and resulted in a good product. While the law-enforcement situation in Britain is still too hot for large-scale LSD marketing, American chemists are using the formula with great success.

THE GRATEFUL DEAD: The Dead toured the United States in 1978 and left a trail of turned-on cities behind. Deadheads are notorious acidheads, and their concerts were commonly oases of good, plentiful acid. People found this out and started hitting Dead concert lines just to score. This theory has precedents in history: Augustus Stanley Owsley III was the soundman for the Dead during the 1966 tour that included the famous "acid tests," which did much to bring LSD into the mainstream of the '60s counterculture. Owsley is once again on the Dead tour.

WHAT ACID RENAISSANCE?: West Coast heads say the LSD renaissance is actually a creation of the media. Circulation departments, they claim, have grown dependent on a hot dope phenomenon coming along every few years.

"It's different with every sentient critter. Whatever it takes to get you there is what it takes. It could be mushrooms—like, my father's mush has many rooms. It could be acid—at Woodstock I told the kids, 'the acid is in the oranges'. Or it could be deep breathing.

"The '80s are the '60s twenty years later. We could be using LSD in 15-mike doses. At the Shamanism Conference, Albert Hofmann said, 'LSD leads to the spirit of truth. The human potential movement means people don't have to take as much acid anymore'.

"Like Gary Goodrow said, 'Death is nature's way of telling us to spend money'."

—Wavy Gravy

weighed in at 50 to 90 mikes. "The big market for that acid," said one East Coast dealer, "was the ghetto and the schoolyard. No longer was it considered a drug just for crazy white college kids. And acid like red dragon sells for about two dollars a hit. Even if it's only forty mikes on the blotter, six dollars worth of acid will keep you high all day. Six dollars worth of coke, six dollars of smack, even six dollars worth of grass won't go far."

The low dosage actually did a great deal to enhance dragon's reputation. Eating half a hit could induce a high very similar to that produced by good hashish. On the other hand, the same dose could also induce just enough central nervous system stimulation to make some folks feel "speedy," with none of the delightful psychoactive effects usually associated with L.

"Your heart beats rapidly, your veins throb. You sweat a lot. It's great for fucking with Hot Tuna turned up real loud. It's *not* mellow," says a young Midwestern suburbanite who's eaten more than 100 hits of red dragon. All this said like it's the fault of the acid. Look, some folks just feel speedy on acid. So rumors spread that the dragon was "cut" with speed, that it was "less pure, less refined" than the great acids of the height of the psychedelic era. Phooey.

It was rumors like this that killed off acid in the first place back in the early '70s. Acid was said to be cut with strychnine, with speed, with stuff from the brown bottle in the back of Aunt Tillie's medicine chest. The question of acid purity was almost superfluous, since most '60s acidheads had no reliable source for obtaining acid of any kind. Only a core group of aficionados—people with really good connections or people who were making it—continued to have clean, fresh LSD at their disposal regularly. On top of everything else, PCP, crude speed and all manner of chemical abominations from bathtub labs were often represented and sold as LSD, administering a death blow to the commercial LSD market. But

since 1973, according to PharmChem, a Menlo Park, California, lab that assays street drugs, LSD has been running at a consistent 87 percent to 95 percent purity, with the remaining ingredients inert substances with no psychoactive effect. In 12 years of testing, the lab has seen only a few hits cut with speed and none cut with strychnine. Still, you'd believe you'd been dosed with strychnine, too, if you had an anxiety attack while you were on the stuff, hyperventilated, and got shipped posthaste to some emergency room where a team of grim-faced doctors mumbled something about rat poison.

Even after 20th-century laboratory methods took hold in underground labs, and long after adulterated acid stopped turning up in street-drug testing labs anywhere, consumers remained wary of the stuff. Red dragon renewed the name-brand concept in LSD marketing for the first time since the 1960s, when people came to know and love Augustus Stanley Owsley III's purple haze, white lightning and blue cheer, or the orange sunshine barrels made by the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. The dragon established itself as a relatively consistent blotter from a reliable source, and the distinctive red trademark that assured customers they were getting what they paid for made them easy to market. And then, according to underground sources, some unscrupulous competitor tried to cash in on the dragon reputation.

Imagine Ripple being passed off as Pouilly-Fuisse. Imagine fool's gold being hawked at the price of Ozark Mountain weed. Since acid is tasteless, colorless and odorless, even cautious buyers can't perform the kind of scratch 'n' sniff test that protects pot consumers. As reports of disappointing trips came in—probably caused by lower doses on the forged dragons—there were grumbings from the marketplace. Dealers attributed the difference in the head to alleged impurities in the acid itself. Acid purveyors are still in

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PICHICATA,
the movers in Bolivia call it:
"the piss." If they feel that way
about coke, imagine how
they feel toward the *norte-
americano* piss-ants who
toot it. Still, it is far better to
be in North America tooting
cocaine than in Bolivia, under
the official sway of these
people who move it.

COCAINE



BY THE HIGH TIMES COCAINE BUREAU

It works like this, most often, these days. The big green coca shrubs grow out of the ground in Bolivia, on vast industrial-agriculture hillside terraces tended by farmers who have been taught how to grow coca by the regional "mafiosi"—alliances of wealthy families, mainly the in-laws of the biggest regional landowners, and their paramilitary security and enforcement squads. The shrubs are harvested four times a year, and the leaves are collected by the mafiosi, who lab them down into freebase *pasta*, the sulphury intermediate form of cocaine. The *pasta* sits in vats in corrugated-steel warehouses alongside bush strips in beautiful, woodsy Santa Cruz Department, waiting for the Colombian mafiosi to fly down over the mountains in big twin-engine, long-distance craft and pick it up.

The Colombians, once they pick it up and refuel, fly far, far over the Amazonian jungle and savannah to the northeast, usually to Manaus in upcountry Brazil. Here the *pasta* is labbed all the way down into pure, sparkling, snortable, industrial cocaine hydrochloride. Then they move it, by various routes, to Miami or Jackson Heights or Montreal or Los Angeles. After that, and a series of massive dilutions each time it changes hands, this wonderful stuff goes up your nose, and you feel peculiarly exhilarated for a half hour or so.

Does this sound complicated, effortful and unwieldy? Well, that's because in just the last few years the cocaine industry has undergone a profound shift of gears. For one thing, most of the Colombian mafiosi operations have been hastily but firmly broomsticked out of Colombia proper, because they are handled by some of the nas-

tiest people in the country; the families who run Colombia do not enjoy watching these mafiosi make all that dope money, and accordingly gain economic and political clout. But since the Colombian mafiosi have the buying end of the racket nailed firmly down in the United States, it is they who still purify the *pasta* into industrial form and move it around. They just lab much less of it in Colombia, since the government in '79 burned down the labs around Cauca and Popayán.

For another thing, this industrial-agriculture phenomenon in Bolivia is also very new. Coca was formerly a comparatively scarce commodity, being very tough to grow in marketable quantities without bringing down heat from narcotics officials. So the Bolivian mafiosi, in just the last few years, have solved this dilemma by neutralizing the national narc force, chasing out international narcs and journalistic observers, and opening up vast new coca terraces in Santa Cruz Department. To do this, it was only necessary for the mafiosi to take over the government in La Paz.

It's not clear precisely when the mafiosi consolidated their takeover of the Bolivian government, but it had to be sometime around 1978 or '79. It takes four years to grow a coca bush to maturity, and those terraces in Santa Cruz are producing at full tilt now. While they were mere saplings, the mafiosi who are now moving out their yield had to be gradually tightening up their influence in La Paz. In any case, there was no mistaking the formal announcement of their advent to total power: the "Cocaine Coup" of July 17, 1980.

It began with premonitory rumblings in the rustic, upcountry town of Trinidad: shooting and looting, a crisis that gathered most of the heads of the then-democratic government to an emergency conference in La Paz. Once these center-trending moderates, mostly civilians, were collected snugly in one place, all hell broke loose. Military transports rumbled into town, carrying troops under orders from Gen. Luis Garcia Meza. They were supplemented by right-wing paramilitary units—over 600 men in featureless combat fatigues, controlled by intelligence minister Luis "Lucho" Arce Gomez—the "White Shirts" and the Falange Socialista Boliviana, with their special advisers from Argentina's dreaded Mechanic School of the Navy. (Bolivia is landlocked.) The rightists opened the maximum-security jails where notable coke-mob enforcers like Fernando "Mosca" ("the Fly") Monroy were languishing, and these gangsters put their own crews into action.

Before the day was out, most of the moderates in the La Paz government were in jail, and Monroy had bazookaed a Jesuit radio station that was getting this information out to the world. Before the week was out, union leaders, journalists, progressive clergy and thousands of plain innocent civilians had been "disappeared," Argentine-fashion, into torture cells and mass graves; when the union mining town of Caracoles organized for resistance, it was shelled and bombed, and numerous human beings were maimed and killed. Within a month, nearly every outside journalist had been chased back home: Mary Helen Spooner of London's *Economist* and *Financial Times* was jailed and threatened with torture un-

COLONIALISM

HOW THE FASCISTS TOOK OVER BOLIVIA

less she retracted a published expose of top Bolivian cocaine generals, and George Nathanson of CBS was merely told, "Leave, or your prick will be cut off and put in your mouth." Over the last year, then, not much news has come out of Bolivia. Gen. Luis Garcia Meza is still president—or was, at this writing—and Col. "Lucho" Arce Gomez, after running the Interior Ministry and the national military academy, is back to business with the eight brand-new Cessnas he bought on his last trip to the States.

Oh, yes, and every week some 15 fat-bellied, twin-engine, long-distance Colombian planes lift up out of Santa Cruz on schedule, laden with *pasta*, for the long scenic run to Manaus. It is something you might think about as you dice up that pretty white flake with your razor blade, draw it elegantly across that gleaming mirror, and roll up that \$50 bill to the precise diameter of your personal nostril. Not only will the money you paid for that wonderful stuff inevitably wind up in the much-bloodied hands of *la mafia cruzeña*—the hoods of Santa Cruz—but you are simply being taken for a *ride*. There's no reason coke should cost \$120 a gram now, at 10 percent purity. Bolivia is green with coca nowadays, and the cocaine movers run the government. The prices they and the Colombians set for it are entirely arbitrary and outrageous. Yes, this is something you definitely should think about while you're laying out a few lines of powdered exhilaration.

General Garcia Meza has had his troubles, admittedly. As soon as he and the right-wing *coqueros* took over last year, the U.S. State Department—which at the time had an archaic fetish about "human rights"—



General Garcia Meza, flanked by his new air-force and navy chiefs, takes the oath of office after the Cocaine Coup.

stalked straight out. Even the Drug Enforcement Administration split; though not itself hamstrung by scruples over torture and murder, when the DEA saw who was taking over the country they perceived that it would be futile henceforth to keep any U.S. narcs in the country—and also very dangerous. Lucho Arce, prime capo of the top gang in the trilateral *mafia cruzeña*, was installed by Garcia Meza as interior minister, effectively head of the La Paz cabinet. Another top *cruzeña coquero*, Col. Ariel Coca (*sic*) Ramirez, became minister of education. No, this would not be a healthy environment for narcotics enforcement personnel, Garcia's new Bolivia.

When CBS, undaunted by emasculation fears (perhaps because they never actually sent their own reporters to Bolivia), did a "60 Minutes" segment identifying Lucho Arce as "Minister of Cocaine," poor Garcia Meza was compelled to launch a vast "cleanup" in La Paz. The incoming Reagan administra-

tion was sending out come-hither signals to totalitarian—that is, "authoritarian"—juntas from Argentina to Taiwan, and Bolivia didn't want to miss out on the U.S. goodies being bestowed on reactionaries everywhere, just because Garcia's reactionaries happened to be pumping whole planeloads of *pichicata* up Uncle Sam's nostrils every week. So Garcia hired New York-based PR flack Robert Armao—who had spoken out so eloquently on behalf of the shah of Iran during his vicissitudes, before the Teheran hostage siege—and got some typical splendid advice. Coca Ramirez was sacked amid much righteous publicity, and Lucho Arce was low-profiled to the head of the army school. (Recently, with the heat still on, Arce was relieved of *all* government duties.) Most brilliantly of all, Gen. Hugo Banzer was dispatched to Washington, D.C., to conduct talks as a "private individual" with the U.S. State Department.

The Reagan people were chatting it up



July 17, 1980: The democratic government in La Paz meets for the last time, with union leader Juan Lechin (third from left). All these men are now dead, "disappeared," or in exile.

with private individuals from around the globe just then. In the same week General Banzer hit town, a convention of top military and espionage chiefs from the Republic of South Africa—traveling in civilian clothes, on civilian visas—was lunching with Reagan's new U.N. ambassador, Jeane Kirkpatrick, who afterward declared she hadn't had the slightest notion who they were (see box, p. 47). Banzer's audience was with State undersecretary John Bushnell, who treated him with all the respect and cordiality due a former, maybe future, head of state.

See, about three coups back, Hugo Banzer had been president of Bolivia for a full seven years—not bad, considering that Bolivia has enjoyed 189 coups in its 155 years of independence. In fact Banzer himself had been deposed in 1978 by the classic Bolivian "bloodless coup"—a specialty of the country, consisting mainly of top military brass amicably shifting the power back and forth, without the annoying necessity of consulting the electorate. (The apocalyptic Cocaine Coup was a major break with tradition.) As a former head of state, certainly General Banzer was as good a choice as any other general to go cozy up to the Reagan people. Which says a lot about the Bolivian brass, considering Banzer's embarrassing implication in the "San Javier incident," just over a year previously.

This was one of the hairier and more historic moments in the evolution of *la mafia cruzeña*. In January of 1980, the current interior minister, Jorge Selum, desperately launched a last-ditch civilian police effort to squelch the coke trade. A few weeks before, Lucho Arce, who was running the "Intelligence" Ministry, had bashed into Selum's office, with a squad of goons; holding Selum at submachine gun-point, Arce had gathered up all the Interior's records on the *pichicata* traffic and made off with them. In desperation, Selum then launched "Operation San Javier," named after a notorious district of Santa Cruz.

Now, Gen. Hugo Banzer owns extensive properties in San Javier. It was on one of these properties in January '80 that police major Carlos Fernandez Navarro located an isolated bush strip outfitted to receive and refuel wide-bodied long-distance aircraft. So Fernandez Navarro staked it out with an armed squad of incorruptible civilian narcs

until a big fat Colombian plane touched down and began loading *pasta*. When about 300 pounds had gone aboard, Fernandez Navarro's people charged the strip. The *coqueros* in attendance, incensed at this government interference in the private sector, opened fire on the cops, who retired after a lively exchange. When the police presently returned with reinforcements, it turned out that one of Ariel Coca's military planes (Coca was running the air-force academy just then) had been called to the strip, by parties unknown, to "take custody" of this illegal substance. Fernandez, a civilian, pulled rank on Coca's cadets, grabbed the *pasta*, and raided the strip's facilities, where he uncovered whole wardrobes of military outfits that the *coqueros* donned whenever they moved dope on military vehicles.

When General Banzer was presently asked about this nastiness (there were still real journalists in the country, before the Cocaine Coup), this perfectly respectable former chief of state expressed astonishment that "somebody" might be using his Santa Cruz property to move dope. The press was shortly afterward silenced, so within 12 months Banzer was clean enough to hobnob as a "private individual" with a U.S. undersecretary of state. Since the conversation was private, the undersecretary's staff tells *HIGH TIMES*, there is no reason the U.S. public should be advised of its tone or content.

One private Bolivian individual—also a former chief of state—to whom the Reagan people have conspicuously *not* spoken is Sr. Hernan Siles Zuazo, who would be *el presidente* today except for the Cocaine Coup. Siles had decisively won last year's democratic election, which was the instant occasion for the right-wing "authoritarian" revolution. Having run the country from 1956 to 1960, Siles Zuazo had returned leading a highly popular moderate-to-left coalition with stiff reformist intentions. Siles was out to clean up "the illicit enrichment of government members"—both the nouveau riche snort generals and the various more established official *contrabandistas*, who for years have regularly smuggled duty-free garbage into Bolivia: American cars, TVs, electric gadgets, booze, cigarettes and so on. Siles had gathered his popularity with tough talk—even though military hand grenades tended to go off at Siles campaign rallies, and at

one point his entire staff, except for vice-presidential candidate Jaime Paz Zamora, died in the crash of a plane chartered from Lucho Arce's private transport firm.

Colonel Arce's *falangistas* have an ideological repugnance for the very notion of free elections, and demonstrated that fulsomely in mid June last year with a preliminary mini-putsch in Santa Cruz. Coordinated right-wing mobs stormed and occupied a strategic selection of official buildings, including the American consulate, where Ambassador Marvin Weizman had been impudently outspoken in favor of this free-election effeminacy. They also took over the district police prefecture and all the courthouses: "And when the damage by violence and fire was totaled up," recalls Argentine journalist Gregorio Selzer, "it was found that all the dossiers pertaining to cocaine-paste producers and *contrabandistas* in Santa Cruz Department had vanished from the archives at the mayor's office and the police prefecture. Whatever papers the *Banzeristas*, *falangistas*, or simple gangsters couldn't carry away had been burned on the spot."

This was an admonitory warning, it would appear, but the campaign proceeded nonetheless, with Siles Zuazo winning handily and remanaining president-elect until July 17, when the rightists and the *pichicata* hoods put a stop to this electoral nonsense once and for all. Siles slipped out of La Paz that day through Garcia Meza's "security" forces, and went underground with a small contingent of staff and supporters. Soon, such was the heat in Bolivia for anyone who had ever seriously opposed the coke trade that it was clearly time to leave. Interior minister Selum's whole staff had resigned in despair and horror, shortly before the Cocaine Coup when one of their main press contacts, Fr. Luis Espiñal of the muck-raking Jesuit weekly *Aquí*, had been "disappeared" by Lucho Arce's private *falangistas*; before they murdered Father Espiñal, they tortured him for the names of people in Selum's ministry who had been feeding him tidbits about who was who in the *pichicata* racket. It was clearly time for Siles Zuazo and his people to take their case elsewhere.

In the United States, by this time, Reagan's people were in office, which meant that the State Department was not about to take seriously any popular-choice candidate who had been chased out of his country by a suitably "authoritarian" revolution; General Banzer, not Sr. Siles, was the obvious private individual with whom to deal. Though just a year before, Senator Dennis deConcini of Arizona had led some lively investigations into the top-rank *pichicata* colonels of Bolivia, it seemed no one in Congress now could get properly exercised over the issue. The administration, after all, was now assiduously wooing the Viola-Videla regime in Argentina, which almost single-handedly perfected the art of "disappearing" unwanted citizens, pesky union organizers, muck-raking editors and any stray eyewitnesses; and Jeane Kirkpatrick was eating at the

CONADE





Business as usual in La Paz, under the narco-military dictatorship.

same table with the people who had bludgeoned Steve Biko to death in jail, and she reportedly kept down her shrimp cocktail just fine, thanks. If these people were only agreeably "authoritarian," then how much more "totalitarian" could the new Bolivian junta be, merely because they were up to their epaulets in narcotics? Anyway, word was out that the international fascist network had a standing contract on deConcini's life now; any legislator condemning the new La Paz junta might lose considerably more than mere entrée to fashionable Washington parties thrown by Reagan flunkies.

The U.S. media was all at sixes and sevens on the issue too. "A new sinister element has been added to the coalition of shameless interests that are today oppressing the Bolivian people," early press releases from Siles's group, the Government of National Unity, declared urgently. "This is the narcotics traffic, which has now generated sufficient economic power to become a political power." Weirdly, even though these releases were gloriously antidope in tone and content, no one at all picked up on them. The U.S. media were having a glorious antidope orgy all their own: John and MacKenzie Phillips all over the tube confessing like crazy, *TV Guide* running its own miniseries on coke in Hollywood, *Time* doing a lurid cover on some heroin epidemic among the middle-class white people—America's obsession with drugs was enormous and electrically prurient, but it drew the line at filthy reality.

Only one halfway popular media outlet was ready to listen to Siles's people, and this one was *exceedingly* unlikely: *HIGH TIMES* magazine, which for seven years has been romantically portraying the snorting of cocaine as an anarchistic challenge to authoritarian repression. But there, in last December's issue, in the "Highwitness News" section, Americans got a blow-by-blow tabloid summary of the previous summer's Cocaine Coup: Mosca Monroy bazookaing the Jesuits, Mary Helen Spooner with her feet to the fire, and so on *ad nauseum*. So an activist journalist under the *nom de plume*

of Manuel Capercuna, with close ties to the Committee for the Defense of Democracy (CONADE), and to Siles, sniffed out this unlikely dope organ. *HIGH TIMES* thought it grand absurd romance: midnight rendezvous in shabby taverns with loud jukeboxes, documents in several languages changing hands, coded passwords over possibly tapped phones. They took to calling Capercuna *el garganto profunda*, for "Deep Throat." There turned out to be no contradiction at all. The laws against cocaine make it the perfect cover for right-wing extremists who have to make a lot of secret money, and have enough stateside political influence to move snort, in regular large-weight quantities, from the Andes into America. *HIGH TIMES*, Capercuna was astonished to learn, doesn't like this any better than *Reader's Digest* does.

Lurid and juicy coke exposés are only one subsidiary aspect of CONADE's international effort to isolate the Garcia Meza junta and hopefully *shame* it out of La Paz. "The strategy for resistance is not armed struggle," Capercuna realistically distinguishes, "but the disintegration and disorientation of the military by exposing their own divisions and pitting them one against the other." This would appear to be working. Thanks largely to CONADE's lobbying in civilized nations, at this writing the new junta has been recognized only by the predictable klatch of "authoritarian" despotries—Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, the Republic of South Africa, Taiwan—along with (strange bedfellows) Israel and the USSR. Having already blundered into a pitiful "economic aid" swindle with Argentina (see box), General Garcia Meza's inept narco-bureaucrats are said to be on the continual verge of coup themselves, at the hands of some seven opposing generals, including the redoubtable Hugo Banzer. There's a large question of whether dope mafiosi are competent at all to run a country, and CONADE is exploiting this question intensely.

Just seven years ago, when *HIGH TIMES* was launched with an exuberant sneeze of dope-

anarchy, it was still mainly accurate to characterize the fashionable coke trade as the work of rapsallion, freebooting, jet-set privateers like *Snowblind's* Zachary Swann. A lot of these independent young pirates really did go right up onto the *altiplano*, all by themselves, and haggle over bushels of coca leaves with Quechua and Aymara Indians in outdoor village markets, where used dry-cell batteries are employed as standard coca weights on copper balance scales. Since these Yankee snowbirds were scarce and enormously personable, they presented no particular threat to the traditional Andean coke mafiosi, who would even lab their leaves down to snort for them occasionally, on contract.

Of course, people like Zachary Swann got incredibly rich overnight. This was not lost on the coke mafiosi. One of them in particular, an ultraright millionaire named Roberto Gasser, who runs the biggest sugar



Col. Luis "Lucho" Arce (right) resigns from Interior Ministry "to prove his innocence" against charges of coke moving. Ironically, no one is asking Arce to answer well-documented charges that he personally engineered the mass torture and kidnap orgy after the Cocaine Coup.

monopoly in Santa Cruz Department, had these people taken into the confidence of his main local lieutenants. When the snowbirds came to Santa Cruz, they would be wined and dined magnificently, shown the sights in air-conditioned Mercedes-Benzes, and go to bed each night with an affable companion, and a heaping bowl of coca leaves on the hotel nightstand. They were in on the ground floor, Fat City: plenty of flake and chunk and crystal, dirt cheap, in regular consignments, and prepaid reserved-passage flights on Braniff back to the States.

Gasser, it turns out, was one of Pres. Hugo Banzer's main supporters in Santa Cruz. At the same time as the *cruzeña* mafiosi were learning from the snowbirds all the

best big consumer connections in the USA, Banzer was cranking up a monumental "dope war" with the U.S. State Department and the Drug Enforcement Administration. It went into full swing after 1975, when the snowbirds had overstayed their usefulness; the *mafiosi cruzeña* knew all the tricks now, and the *Banzeristas* needed bust statistics to look good and clean in the eyes of Uncle Sam.

And while the *Banzeristas* chalked up these impressive bust statistics, they kept the U.S. State Department and the DEA pleasantly occupied up on the high *altiplano*, counting coca bushes on Quechua and Aymara hillsides.

There are two main regions in Bolivia where coca leaves are grown for traditional

consumption: the Yungas, along the high Andean slopes, and the plateau Chapari around Cochabamba. Altogether they produce about 50 tons of leaves per year, good tasty *Erythroxylon coca*—to be distinguished from the Peruvian *Coca truxillense* species, which is what the Mallinckrodt and Merck and Coca-Cola people use, and the low-yield *Coca novogranatense* species of downland Colombia.

They chew it a lot, the Quecha and Aymara—about two ounces of leaf per worker per day, estimates anthropologist Andrew Weil, divided into eight cheek-sized *cocada* quids. They have to chew it, it's necessary for their life on the *altiplano*, and they've

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A strange plan was conceived a few years ago when Gen. Hugo Banzer was running Bolivia. The brain-



child of immigration vice-minister Guido Strauss, it called for the resettling of up to 150,000 white Rhodesians and South Africans in Bolivia's Amazon territories bordering Brazil. Touting the benefits of relocation, Strauss even bragged to a foreign journalist that white settlers "would not find *our* Indians more lazy or stupid than *their* Negroes." During the same period, quiet meetings were being held among military planners from the Republic of South Africa, Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay and the United States. Rumors circulated that Argentina and the RSA in particular were pushing for the establishment of a new geopolitical military bloc, a South Atlantic Treaty Organization (SATO) patterned after NATO.

The Banzer regime was then under both internal and external pressure to bow to the democratic revival that was sweeping across the southern flank of the so-called Andean Pact countries (Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia). By 1978, Ecuador and Peru had already conducted presidential and congressional elections, and Bolivia followed suit—though with a quite different result. The democratic process in Bolivia only served to polarize the divergent ideological factions: the polished neofascists of the Southern Cone and the liberal democrats of the Andean Pact. Bolivia became the battleground for the two conflicting ideologies.

While Bolivians tried, against severe obstacles, to regain power through the polls, the successive military juntas of Generals Videla and Viola in Buenos Aires were working behind the scenes to convert Bolivia into a virtual Argentine satellite. The repressive techniques of Argentina's military machine were exported to Bolivia through "intelligence" chief Lucho Arce and his spanking-new paramilitary squads. And when General Garcia Meza finally conducted his bloody July 17 coup d'etat, Buenos Aires immediately offered \$200 million in emergency loans to prop up the foundering Bolivian economy. The offer was not without its catch-22. Argentina got in

exchange an extremely favorable natural-gas deal. Instead of buying at the going rate of \$5.40/mpc, Argentines virtually stole it from the so-called Government of National Reconstruction at a mere \$2.30/mpc, worth a \$200-million annual loss to the Bolivian treasury. Furthermore, with the exception of Santa Cruz's illicit "green revolution," Bolivia's agricultural production is shrinking, making the country increasingly dependent on the importation of high-priced Argentine grain (just ask the Russians about the price). With an annual inflation rate of more than 40 percent, only cocadollars and the sellout to Argentina keep the narco-fascists in power.

Though both topographically and historically Bolivia is primarily an Andean nation, the Garcia Meza regime, in essence if not in fact, has seceded from the Andean Pact. While the Andean countries initially took a strong and united stance against the Garcia Meza usurpation in La Paz, recent border clashes between two of them—Ecuador and Peru—have blocked any unified opposition to the infiltration of Southern Cone fascism into their ranks.

The Southern Cone alliance, meanwhile, has problems of its own. A territorial squabble between Chile and Argentina continues to smolder over the Beagle Channel at the icy Patagonian tip of the continent. And, even as the SATO prospect was encouraged by the election of Ronald Reagan in the United States, Brazil began hinting that it was leery of a military alliance with racist South Africa. With a huge black population of its own and an almost messianic belief that it will soon emerge as one of the world's major powers, Brazil now seems more drawn to improving its relations with black Africa than to siding with the hated apartheidists.

The massive resettlement of white Africans in Bolivia hasn't happened yet, but it surprised no one when South Africa was among the first nations to recognize the Garcia Meza government. Moreover, it was reported that following the coup a group of Bolivian military officers was invited to Pretoria, while a Bolivian banker flew back and forth from La Paz to South Africa negotiating for desperately needed financial assistance.

With or without Brazil, SATO is bound to gain the support of the Reagan administration as one more means of defending the "free world" against "Soviet expansionism." By the same token, if the fascists retain control in Bolivia, the first wave of Afrikaaner settlers will probably arrive in Bolivia before the end of the decade, consolidating a new, intercontinental white alliance.

The more repressive the subcontinent becomes, the more secure Prime Minister Botha will feel in Pretoria. At least, if all else fails in South Africa, the Boers will be able to recircle their laager in the same hospitable part of the world that 35 years ago welcomed Adolf Eichmann, Martin Borman and Dr. Edward Mengele when *their* applecart overturned.





The Sorcerer's Apprentice:

NIKOLA TESLA, 1856-1943

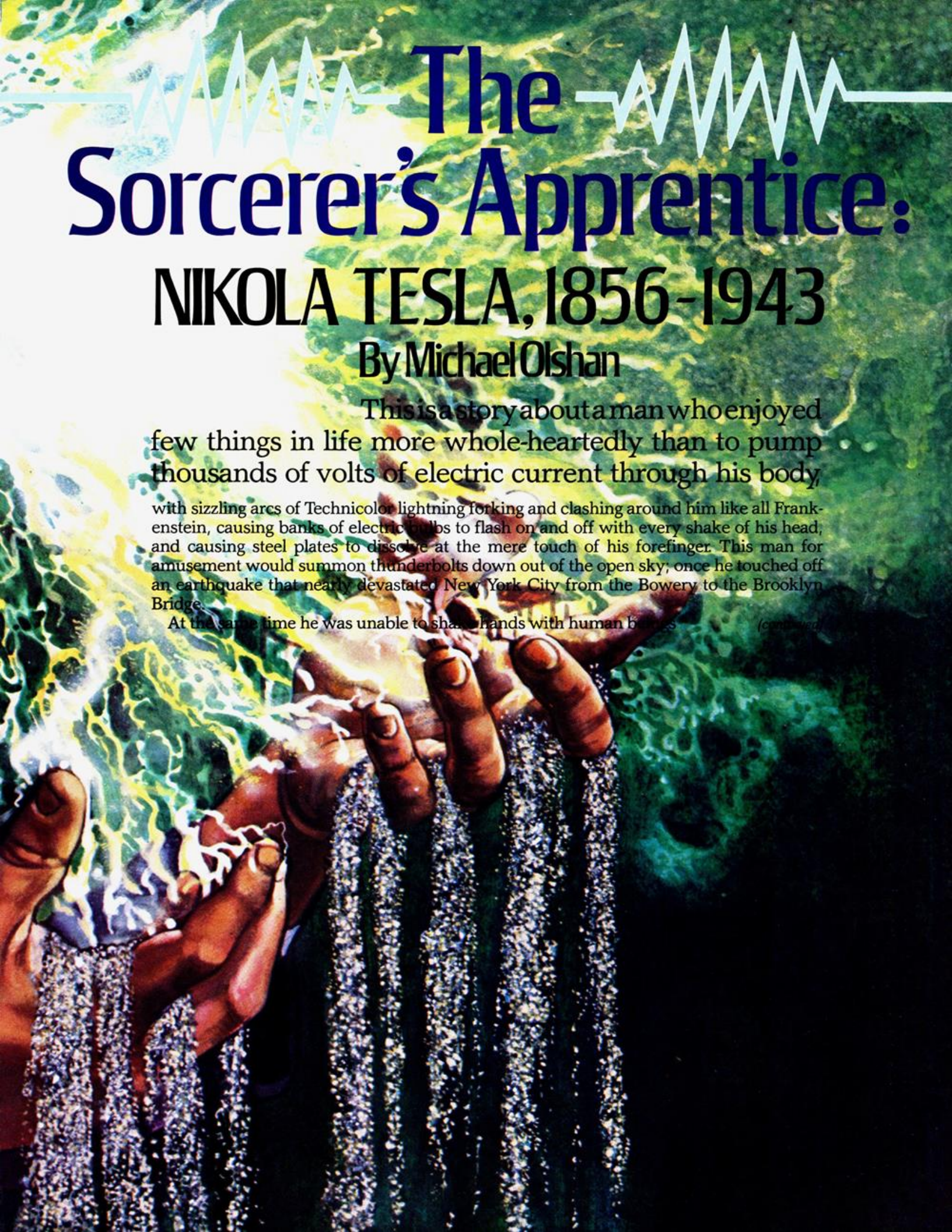
By Michael Olshan

This is a story about a man who enjoyed few things in life more wholeheartedly than to pump thousands of volts of electric current through his body,

with sizzling arcs of Technicolor lightning forking and clashing around him like all Frankenstein, causing banks of electric bulbs to flash on and off with every shake of his head, and causing steel plates to dissolve at the mere touch of his forefinger. This man for amusement would summon thunderbolts down out of the open sky; once he touched off an earthquake that nearly devastated New York City from the Bowery to the Brooklyn Bridge.

At the same time he was unable to shake hands with human beings

(continued)



—because he was scared to death of “germs.” His closest friends were nevertheless city pigeons, who nested by the score in any place where he lived. His name was Nikola Tesla. Someday his craziness may set us all free forever, or it might just kill us all.



Consider this compass, ladies and gentlemen. The needle always points north. That's the *secret*, understand? It doesn't do anything itself, it only points north. It does nothing itself, but something is being done to it, all the time. Anywhere you go in this world, this needle will always be made to point north, or south, if you happen to be on that side of the equator. If you point it in any other direction with your finger—like so, see?—*something* draws it back to northward. Everywhere you go, something *works* on this compass needle.

This thing that *works*, ladies and gentlemen—this power—is at work everywhere, all the time. It works everywhere, continuously, forever and for nothing. For *free*! Free power, fools, do you understand it and what it means? It looks deceptively weak and simple here—a little magnetized needle, afloat on a cork in water, pointing simply but steadily to the north. But *think*! If we can tap into this power, it will be colossal beyond imagining, and everlasting, and totally free.

These are hard times, ladies and gentlemen. We are poor, desperately poor, and getting poorer all the time. But all around us we have this invisible power, *free*, if we will only tap into it. How should we beggar ourselves by ignoring this power, and impoverish our children yet unborn? Imbeciles! Lunatics! Can't you see it's *free*???



That was always Nikola Tesla's problem. His energy was free, and so how then could it possibly find any buyers?

He couldn't sell it in Europe, for sure. This Croatian engineer sustained his great, shattering energy intuition in his early 20s—a wonderful epiphany that occurred on a balmy, pigeon-fluttering afternoon in a park in Budapest, Hungary, when he was working for Continental Edison, formed by Old Tom of the same name back in New Jersey, USA. While everyone at Continental Edison was properly thrilled by Tesla's new concepts (as much of them as they could comprehend, anyway), no one there had the authority to put them into practice. They were, the *simplest* of them, horrendously revolutionary.

Take Mr. Edison's cherished direct-current (DC) electronics system. With all due respect to the founder of Continental, this is a frustratingly limited and inefficient way to pump electrical energy along copper wires. If we *must* use copper wires, or wires at all (there are *better* ways, fools!), then why must we be hamstrung with direct current?



Observe how pitifully it works. We have to build and operate a separate generating station for every *mile* of DC wire, because that's as far as you can pump electricity through copper wires with DC. And the generator itself! Disgraceful! Those horrid wire brushes spinning in metal drums, shedding all that horrible racket; those flaring sparks, heating until the brushes melt, that's *noise*! *Light*! *Heat*! *Power*! It's all *power*, and it's being wasted right there in the bloody *generator*!

And the power that's left is sluiced into the copper wires and pours down along them like water. Like *water*! God in heaven, are we working with 19th-century electronics or mere Archimedean hydraulics? Just like the tenants at the top floor of a tenement enjoy hardly any water pressure at all (hydraulics! Feh!), so also the people toward the one-mile limit of DC propulsion have dimmer lights that flicker wretchedly.

It would be so simple and economical to improve all this, improve it far beyond recognition. Merely close the DC rotor coils and energize them by magnetic induction! Stationary field coils carrying multiphase *alternating* current! Alternating current (AC), a cyclone of electromagnetism! Cheap, smooth, silent, sparkless, *colossal* electric power. So much power from one generator that you could feed it literally thousands of miles, all around the world. So much power that instead of building auxiliary generators every mile, you would have to build transformer units especially to step the current *down*, after you siphon it off the main feeder cable, so that it doesn't short out every light bulb and icebox in the district. Would this not be a wonderful thing, so simple and so much *better*? If you must use wires at all, by God, sirs, this is how it ought to be done. *Without* those cursed wires, of course, you could merely...

Well, yes, Nikola, very illuminating. They promoted him to the Paris office of Continental Edison, and when they couldn't keep a lid on him there, either, they bought him deck passage on a steamer to New York and then shipped him out in the fall of 1884, with letters of respectful recommendation to Old Tom himself. Typically of his life, somebody trotted off with all Tesla's luggage at the Paris railroad terminal, and somebody else lifted his wallet. Only his photographic memory, with his passage-ticket number indelibly im-

printed on it, got him on the boat. On the way across, he blundered by absent-minded accident into a free-for-all among the crew members, complete with brass knucks and belaying pins. He cleared immigration at Battery Park in Manhattan with just four cents, a dramatic assortment of livid bruises decorating his dark and handsome features, and the very important communications to Mr. Edison in his pocket.

Alternating current would be a conspicuous savings for Old Tom, sure enough. Imagine: no more big complicated power stations for every single mile of Edison wire. A whole *hell* of a lot less work, by God, for all the contractors and construction workers of New York and New Jersey. Since Consolidated Edison, Inc., was then (and still is) one of the main contracting and construction companies in New York and New Jersey, Old Tom was *damned* if he'd fool around with this newfangled AC booshwah. Terrible dangerous idea, Old Tom called it. All that electricity all over, trillions of volts maybe, terrible, *terrible* dangerous. Think of the children! Enough of 'em fried themselves dead every year on low-test, old-fashioned Edison DC. And now some crazy Croat wants to have *trillions* of volts sizzling all up and down the whole blame country? Unthinkable. Irresponsible. Obscene!

So Old Tom securely deep-sixed Nikola Tesla's alternating-current proposal, and to keep an eye on him made him a company troubleshooter. Poor Tesla spent a year at it, conscientiously railroading all over the Con Ed system, going nights on end without sleep, haranguing plant foremen, hand-correcting shoddy repairs, and just generally studying the hell out of this Stone Age DC system.

Most of the time he spent on the drawing board, scribbling away feverishly. And presently he came to Old Tom with a sheaf of blueprints: improved generator designs, streamlined switching systems, efficient cable weave, the very best and most cost-efficient technology that could ever be designed for direct-current electronic transmission. Old Tom was hearty and generous: "There's fifty thousand dollars in it for you if you can do it!" he guaranteed the kid, with a manly slap on the back, and a hearty American handshake that raised the hair on the back of Nikola's neck.



So Nikola Tesla proceeded to put through the U.S. Patent Office no fewer than 24 applications for brilliant new dynamo designs and support systems. All were duly approved, in the name of Consolidated Edison, Inc. And when Nikola went to Old Tom for that 50K, Old Tom damn near threw out another hernia laughing. "Tesla, you don't understand our American sense of humor!"

Nikola Tesla, of gentle European descent, certainly did not understand any such cheating, abominable thing. He had a most infernal sense of honor and decency, in fact. Before Old Tom could even get around to citing the drastically reduced sum he'd *really* meant to pay this troublemaking young Croat, he was astonished to see Tesla turn elegantly on his heel and stalk silently off the Con Ed premises, forever.

Hard times loomed. The railroads, the telegraph, and this rudimentary DC system had all been laid out, all over America, over a ten-year binge of industrial speculation and investment, but by the '80s industrial capital was in short supply. The major investors and developers, like Edison and J.P. Morgan and Jay Gould and so on, were content now to assemble their assets, accumulate their coupons, and fight over what was left in vicious boardroom battles on Wall Street. Meanwhile, they weren't hiring, so everyone was out of work. And they *certainly* weren't buying ideas like this new AC nonsense of Tesla's, which would complicate their profit taking intolerably by sparking a new binge of speculation and investment.

There was independent money around, though, if you lucked into it. By sheer luck, Nikola Tesla wound up in 1885 digging ditches in New York, on a labor squad directed by a foreman who happened to be an electronics-gadgetry nut. This crazy Croat, needless to say, just by leaning over his shovel and opening his mouth, could bedazzle an electronics-gadgetry nut for hours on end, company time. This foreman happened to have a little gelt salted away, and so did some of his Long Island friends. And Nikola Tesla was a magnificent rapper, so long as you didn't go aggressively shaking his hand, slapping his back, and insisting on direct eye contact throughout the conversation.

The Tesla Electric Company was duly set up, with minimal investor bread, on West Broadway and Bleecker Street, where SoHo now starts. It took Nikola only a few months to whip together a working model of an AC generator—though it took months more to get it through the bedazzled U.S. Patent Office, where the bedazzled officers insisted on seven different basic-concept blueprint designs for it. At the end of the first year, Nikola Tesla personally held 30 basic patents: motors, alternators, transformers and control systems for one-, two- and three-part AC transmitters. As he got deeper into it all, he began observing terrific new things about basic physics itself, things a person could never put down on a patent form.

He got rich, after a fashion, for a while. In 1888 he gave a historic speech on AC before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. One of the auditors was George Westinghouse, the erstwhile railroad whiz who'd invented the railroad air brake and gotten enormously rich. Recognizing pneumatics as a fairly dead-end field for industrial development, and having no vested interests in DC, Westinghouse was ready to plunge. The Gay '90s were palpably in the wind now; there was the smell of new investments, new inventions everywhere. This 32-year-old Croat had clearly come up with a better mousetrap. Westinghouse gave him \$1 million cash for the title to all his patents so far, and guaranteed him a \$1 royalty—U.S. and foreign—for every unit of horsepower his system might generate.

Nikola Tesla's salad days were brief, but magnificently overcivilized. Having a half million bucks in the bank (he very scrupulously split 50-50 with his investors), Nikola proceeded to take out a suite at the wonderful Waldorf-Astoria, *crème de la crème* of international hostelry. He appeared in the dining room promptly at eight each evening, in black tuxedo with crimson cummerbund, and ate alone at a private table.

Women were crazy about him, of course. This darkly handsome, sleek and burning-eyed genius, a millionaire at 32, unattached, mysterious, cultivated, continental, affable, eloquent, and just a *trace* obviously mad—he was so very altogether delicious, Sarah Bernhardt herself made disgracefully public overtures to him, to the delight of the Hearst scandalmongers.

It came to nothing but headlines. When Nikola Tesla died, it appears that he was as innocent of the so-called pleasures of the flesh as he'd been the day he was born—86 years of unrippled, unfrustrated celibacy. The belles of Manhattan gave up on him early, reluctantly but realistically. The man never spoke to anyone at the Waldorf until he had eaten, resolutely alone. While he ate, he generally had the waiter hand him about two dozen freshly starched and laundered linen handkerchiefs in succession. After dinner, in the main saloon, he was dependably captivating and loquacious, even fiery when it came to his revolutionary new physical technology—unless some aggressive investor or debutante came up and forcibly grabbed his hand and pumped it in introduction, whereupon poor Nikola would queasily excuse himself and spend ten minutes in the lavatory scrubbing each possibly contaminated finger with special antiseptic soap. And you only saw him in the early evening. The rest of the time, when civilized investors or debutantes were either dancing the night away or nursing the daylight hangovers, this crazy Croat was working on his draftboard, or in his electric company.

Nikola Tesla was, by any scale of sociability, a cold fish.

But just visit his Bleecker Street lab, and dear God what a display! No decent mad-scientist movie will ever be made without using the flashing, bursting, smashing, dazzling glass-and-steel electrical incunabula with which Nikola Tesla merely amused himself, to impress visitors and to kick the ass of old Tom Edison.

Edison, of course, was desperately filling the Hearst papers with scientific-sounding jeremiads about the certain and horrible consequences of this alternating-current witchcraft. Goddammit, it just produced *too much juice*, Old Tom wailed, the world wasn't ready for it. "Just as certain as death," he guaranteed the papers, "Westinghouse will kill a customer within six months after he puts in a system of any size." To prove it, Edison got a lot of people physically killed, dead forever, with this newfangled Tesla-Westinghouse AC.

The first AC casualty was one William Kemmler. Kemmler had been duly convicted of chopping several people up with an ax and was sitting on Death Row at Sing-Sing, waiting remorsefully to be duly hanged, when Old Tom pressured the Auburn administrators into installing a primitive AC "humane execution" unit. The unit took the form, now archetypal, of a steel chair frame outfitted with a steel bonnet and leather shackles. Kemmler, uncomprehending but ready to pay for his crimes, duly sat down in it and was strapped in tight. *Contrary* to Old Tom's prediction, the 10,000 or so volts of AC didn't instantly put out all Kemmler's interior lights; the amperage wasn't nearly

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ARIZONA

High-Ways



THE WIND OUTSIDE WAS howling louder than a full-blown chorus of coyotes, and buckets of hard rain lashed the windows like shotgun pellets. Lightning struck the big power line just east of us and turned night into day for a lingering instant. Then the shock of the thunder combined with the wind and the little trailer lurched like a drunken Indian. Cursing, I threw on a poncho, then jumped out into that midnight madness and fought my way down to our precious garden. By the light of a fluorescent lantern, I could see that the plants were doing fine, staked up and held firmly by the antirabbit fences. The wash was running full and roaring, but those beautiful plants were just soaking up all that good clean water and loving every minute of it, standing tall and proud.

The Sonora Desert is a geographical phenomenon that covers most of southern Arizona and a good-sized chunk of northern Mexico. Wild and untamed, it's a great place to be alone, with nobody about to bother you, 'cept for the buzzards. Problem is, it's only livable in the winter and spring. Come summer, the temperature climbs past 100 degrees and stays there till October, searing the soil and sending anything with any sense into an underground burrow for the duration. Summer is also the time of storms—fierce, black, roiling thunderstorms that boil up out of the mountains in an often successful attempt to drown the dusty ground. Gully washers. Flash-flood city.

And then there are the rattlesnakes: sidewinders. Gila monsters. Scorpions. Tarantulas. Wild pigs. A hundred varieties of stinging ants. And a climate that can fry your brains right there in your skull, like an oversized hard-boiled egg.

The prudent person stays the hell away from there, preferring the air-conditioned comfort of a house in town. But if you're crazy enough, you can turn this hostile climate to excellent advantage. Drill a well or haul some water, then plant a few well-chosen seeds. With patience and some hard, sweaty work, you can make that stinking desert bloom!

Plant in the early spring. Never a danger of a late frost. Irrigate heavily, and the little

seedlings will soak it up with all that impossibly bright sunshine, and they'll grow like crazy. Then come the midsummer rains, bringing tons of extra water and a burst of intensified humidity for the adolescent cannabis. The plants flourish, expand geometrically, and become huge.

Comes the fall. The days shorten, and the plants begin to flower. It gets intensely hot and dry once again. In an attempt to preserve precious moisture, the plants produce a sticky resin that coats the leaves and flowers. Add heat. More heat, dry heat. The flowers ooze resin and shine in the sun. The incredible energy from all that sunshine translates into super potency.

You watch it carefully, tend it lovingly, and at the peak, pluck it. Move over, California! Desert dope is here! □

by The Cactus Kid









ALWAYS WE AWAKE TO OUR METAMORPHOSED CONDITION, to the awareness that the strange body in the bed is our own. Women awake and discover, after centuries of dreaming, that they are men. Worms awaken into birds and music bursts from their astonished throats. An elderly businessman awakes and knows himself to be a plane tree: His leaves reach for the light and swell with growth. Often the amazement is too much to bear, and our awakening is brief. We slip back into being the rudimentary creatures that we were. We become less, and sleep resumes its old sovereignty, until once more, without warning, we awaken.

So it was when Francis awoke, one morning in July. He had gone to bed a 10-year-old; he woke 26 years older. Even before his eyes were open the shock of the transformation had wiped out the particulars of his old identity. He was free, therefore, simply to glory in this enormous fulfillment: the mass of his arms, the breadth of his chest, his sheer immensity. He stood up. He stretched, and touched, with his fingertips, the plaster nubbles of the room's low ceiling. So big!

And there, in the mirror mounted to the closet door, was the proof of his transformation and its benediction. His, the mustache, the smile, the teeth. His, the legs and arms, the muscled neck, the . . . His mind, abashed, refused to name it, but it was his as well, with all the rest.

He thought: I must get dressed.

In clothes he was even more amazingly a grown-up. Tying a tie had proved to be beyond him, but there was, in the same drawer as his socks, a single clip-on bow, white polka-dots on maroon.

And in the closet, on a shelf, a straw hat.

He clattered down the fire stairs, 20 flights, each flight a full clockwise rotation through the four points of the compass, and arrived in the lobby giddy and out of breath, but still exultant, like a painter on the day of *vernissage*. Here he was, for all the world to see!

An older man than himself, in the most magnificent of uniforms, approached. His heart poised at the edge of panic, but the man in the uniform was (though curious) entirely deferential.

"Good morning, Mr. Kellerman. Isn't the elevator working? It was just a moment ago."

"Oh. Yes, right. The elevator." He smiled.

His name was Mr. Kellerman!

There were mirrors all over the lobby, and as he made his way before them, he couldn't keep from grinning. The name—*his* name—repeated itself inside his head like the tune of a solemn but still pretty spirited march.

The man in the uniform slipped round him and opened the plate-glass door.

"Thank you," he thought to say.

The scalloped edge of the building's blue marquee brushed his hat as he walked beneath it. Walking along, he could see over the tops of the cars parked on the street. What a difference it made, being tall! His muscles all worked so much harder. He felt like Frankenstein, giant hands swinging like counterweights to the crashing of his feet. He flexed his thick fingers. On the middle finger of his right hand was a ring, a square black chunk of something encased in gold. Smash, crash, smash, crash, he crossed the street, passing a woman being wheeled in a wheelchair by another younger woman. He tipped his hat to them and said, "Good morning,

ladies." He was thrilled by the resonance of the voice that boomed from his chest.

A grown-up . . .

One by one, he thought of all the dirty words he knew, but didn't say them aloud, even in a whisper. He *could* have, though, any time he wanted to. He could be a dirty old bum, if that's what he wanted. Was it? he wondered. Probably not.

AT FIRST THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAD BEEN NOTHING BUT TALL BRICK apartment buildings, but now he was on a block of small businesses. In front of one store was a bench with newspapers on it. He wondered if they'd make any sense to him. They never had, before.

He picked up a paper and took it inside the store, which also sold candy and cigarettes. He must have been a foot taller than the boy behind the counter.

"How much is this?" he asked, holding up the paper.

The boy bent his head sideways, conveying in some indefinable way a sense of unfriendliness. "Quarter."

He reached into his back pocket, where he had had the foresight to place that most essential item of the clothes that grown-ups wear, his billfold. It was stuffed full of money, more than he could imagine spending all at once. He took out a dollar bill, handed it to the boy behind the counter, and waited for his change. The boy rang the register, took out three quarters, and handed them to him. A shiver went up and down inside his body. He felt as though he'd done something irrevocably adult.

There was a café further down the block, called Lenox Café, where he sat down at a table next to the front window. While he waited for the waitress, he read the newspaper's headline: CARTER ARRIVES AND ESTABLISHES CONVENTION BASE. AIDES HAVE ALL PREPARATIONS READY FOR A FIRST-BALLOT NOMINATION WEDNESDAY.

He read on a while longer, but it was all the same sort of thing and made no more sense than it ever had. He wasn't stupid—he knew what the words meant—but he really couldn't see why grown-ups ever got interested in the things newspapers wrote about. So, in fact, he *wasn't* a grown-up, completely.

He was and he wasn't. It was strange, but he didn't find it upsetting. After all, lots of things are strange.

WHEN THE WAITRESS CAME FROM THE BACK OF THE CAFÉ, SHE SAID, "Hello, Frank."

"Oh. Hello there."

"Hello there, Ramona" she insisted.

"What?"

"My name: Ramona. Remember?"

"Oh sure."

She smiled, in not a nice way. "What'll it be?"

"Uh." He knew he didn't like coffee. "How about a beer?"

"Schaeffer's. Miller's. Bud. Heineken."

"Heineken."

She raised an eyebrow, tightened and tilted the side of her mouth. "That be all?"

"Yes."

Now that he'd ordered, he realized he didn't want to stay in the café, where the waitress seemed to know him and he had to pretend to know her.

She flipped the pink order book closed and put it in the pocket of

NEW FICTION BY TOM DISCH

THE GROWN-UP

her apron. Under the apron she was wearing a very short and shimmery black dress with a white collar, and under the dress light stockings that made her legs look black and featureless. In some way he couldn't put his finger on she seemed all wrong. Yet there wasn't anything that unusual about her. She looked like almost any other waitress. And very strange.

In fact, *all* the grown-ups he could see on the sidewalk outside the restaurant looked strange. Uncomfortable and dazed, as though, like him, they were all having to *pretend* to be grown-ups and didn't enjoy it. Himself, he loved it. Loved *being* a grown-up, that is. The pretending wasn't especially fun. He hadn't considered that there might be people who knew him, knew his name and maybe more important things, like where he worked. Assuming that he already had some kind of job, the way he already had a name.

Mr. Kellerman. It seemed a reasonable enough name. Mr.—he looked inside the wallet again—Francis Kellerman. There it was, spelled out a dozen times: on his MasterCard card, and on similar cards for different stores; on his Social Security card; on a card that said he was a member of something; and, yes, on a driver's license!

The waitress, Ramona, came back with a bottle of beer and a glass. She poured some of the beer into the glass and set it down in front of him.

"Thank you, Ramona," he said. "Here—" taking it from the billfold "—is a dollar."

She took the dollar and gave him a funny look. He decided he must have said the wrong thing.

"Keep the change," he suggested.

"Prick," she said flatly, and walked to the back of the café.

He tasted the beer, but he couldn't swallow any. He spit a mouthful of it back into the glass.

"Blagh!" he said, loud enough for Ramona to hear, and left the restaurant, leaving the worthless newspaper behind. As soon as he was out of the door he got the giggles, and couldn't stop till he was halfway back to the apartment where Mr. Francis Kellerman lived.

WHEN HE GOT THERE, THOUGH, HE COULDN'T GET IN. THE BIG GLASS door was locked and there was no one in the lobby, so knocking wasn't any help. He knocked anyhow. No one came. If he'd had a set of keys... But (he looked in all his pockets) he didn't. He'd forgotten that grown-ups always use keys.

Finally a lady came along who lived in the building, and she let him in. This time he used the elevator. He'd forgotten the apartment number, but he knew where it was along the hall.

The door was open (the way he'd left it probably), which was good, and someone was inside, which wasn't. A bald man with sunglasses was putting things into a suitcase spread open on the unmade bed.

"Hey!" Francis said.

The man looked up. He was holding stereo headphones.

"Mister, you're in the wrong apartment." What had begun as a cautious rebuke ended up as out-and-out anger. The man was a burglar—he was robbing the apartment!

The man backed away toward the kitchen. The spiraling wire of the headphones followed, bobbling.

"Hey, you better get out of here. Right now!" His voice boomed incredibly. "Do you hear me—right now!"

The man dropped the headphones and ducked through the open door of the kitchen. Francis could hear him rummaging around in the silverware. Looking (Francis realized with alarm) for a knife.

He acted quickly. Fighting, after all, is still a natural accomplishment for most boys his

age. He unplugged a floor lamp, upended it, and stood poised beside the kitchen door. When the man came out, armed with a butcher knife, Francis let him have it. The lamp base raised a large lump on the man's bald head, but he hadn't been cut or, fortunately, killed. Francis didn't know what he'd have done with a dead body, but this one, which was only unconscious, was no problem. He dragged it out to the stairwell (where there was a *second* suitcase, packed and ready to go) and left it, the body, on the landing. He brought the suitcase back to his apartment. Then, feeling vengeful and mischievous, he went back, undressed the burglar (even took his underpants), and threw all the clothes down the incinerator chute. Serves him right, he thought.

This time when he left the apartment he didn't forget to take his keys and to lock the door behind him.

"That son of a bitch," he said aloud, when he was alone in the elevator. "Trying to steal my things. Son of a bitch." But he was basically over feeling upset or angry or anything but tickled over the idea of the burglar waking up without his clothes. What would he think? What could he do?

RETURNING TO THE BREEZY FREEDOM OF THE STREET, WHERE HE could go in any direction he wanted and where no one could tell him what to do or what not to, he began to realize how totally lucky he was, something that most of the other grown-ups around didn't seem to understand at all as clearly. He would go into stores and buy something, anything at all, just for the fun of spending his money. He bought flowers in a flower shop, and a book called *Reassessments*. He bought a bottle of perfume, an electric popcorn popper, another ring (for his left hand), a telephone that you could see the insides of, a \$150 backgammon set (after the salesman had explained the basic rules), and 20 Marvel comic books. Which was about as much, even with a shopping bag, as he could easily lug around.

Then, as he was going past a church, it occurred to him that God must be behind the whole thing that was happening to him. It was a Catholic church. He didn't know if he was a Catholic, or what, but it seemed logical that his not knowing that was as much God's doing as his, so it ought not to matter if he prayed here rather than some other church. The important thing was to stay on God's good side.

There was no one else inside, so he went right up to the front and knelt down on one of the padded kneelers and started praying. First he thanked God for having made him a grown-up, then asked, with a good deal of feeling, not to be changed back. After that there didn't seem to be much else to say, since he didn't have friends or relatives to ask favors for, or enterprises to be concerned about. He did remember to ask to be forgiven for the dirty trick he'd played on the burglar, but he wondered if God would really have been angry with him for that, since, after all, he was a burglar. Before he left he unwrapped the flowers and put them in a vase on the altar. Beside the vase he placed the copy of *Reassessments*. Even though he wasn't sure that this was exactly the right offering, it seemed more appropriate than perfume or a popcorn popper or his other purchases (which were all things, moreover, that he'd like to have for himself). Anyhow, God would like the flowers. There were two dozen of them and they were the most expensive kind they'd had in the shop.

**This morning
when I woke up
I had this
grown-up body,
but my head,
inside, is only
ten years old."**

HE WAS DRIVING THE CAR HE'D RENTED AT Hertz Rent a Car, a bright red '76 Dodge Charger, driving it slowly and carefully on the least busy streets he'd been able to find. Ten blocks on a one-way street going north, then a right, and another right, and then ten blocks in the other direction. You only had to

push the button marked Drive and steer. It was easy. Around and around, in and out of traffic. It was easy, but it wasn't as much fun as he'd thought it would be beforehand, so after only an hour of practice, he pulled up in front of an army surplus store into a space that didn't require a lot of complicated parking.

While he was locking the door, one of the girls who'd been leaning against the store window came over and asked him if he wanted to score.

"Hey, cowboy," she said, "you want to score?"

She'd called him cowboy, because of the hat and boots he was wearing, which he'd bought just after he'd come out of the church that afternoon.

"What?" he said.

She pushed her tangly red hair back from her eyes. "Do you want to fuck?"

He was so astonished he couldn't think what to say. But, really, why should he be surprised? He was a grown-up, and this was one of the most basic things that grown-ups did. So why not?

"Why not," he said.

"It's twenty bucks," she said. She was able to talk without quite closing her mouth entirely.

"Fine," he said.

Her mouth opened a little wider, and her tongue moved forward over her lower teeth, retracted, and came forward again. It seemed strange, but friendly even so.

"Where do we go?" he asked.

"You don't want to use the car?"

"Oh. Right." He unlocked the door, and they got in. "Now what?"

She told him where to drive, which was to a kind of parking lot beside the river. On two sides were broad brick buildings without windows. On the way here he'd gone through a red light and nearly run down a pedestrian. The girl had only laughed. She didn't seem at all concerned about his driving, which was reassuring.

When they were in the parking lot, she opened up his trousers and reached inside his underpants to take hold of his thing. He wondered if he wasn't supposed to be doing the same to her. He knew girls didn't have anything there but a crack. The idea was for the man to get his thing inside the woman's crack, and then to move around until some kind of juice squirted out. He started looking for buttons or a zipper on her shorts.

She wiggled around and in no time her shorts were on the floor of the car.

He bent forward so he could see where her crack was. She spread her legs helpfully. "You like that?" she asked.

"I guess so." Then, because that didn't seem adequate, or even polite, "Sure." But it lacked conviction.

She took hold of his thing again and started tugging at it. It felt quite satisfying, like scratching poison ivy, but somehow it didn't seem right that he should be making love to this girl who didn't know the first thing about him. She seemed so nice, and was trying so hard.

"I believe in being honest," he announced.

"Oh boy." She let go of his thing and pushed back her hair. "Here we go. What is it?"

"You probably won't believe this," he began tentatively, "but I think I should tell you anyhow. I've got a kind of... problem, I guess you'd say."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"I'm only ten years old."

"No kidding. Ten years old?"

"I said you wouldn't believe it, but it's true. This morning when I woke up I had this grown-up body, but my head, inside, is only

Then there's no problem," said the hooker. "Just think about some little girl friend of yours and leave the driving to me."

ten years old."

"I believe it."

"You do?" He couldn't tell from her tone of voice if that was true, but she seemed no less friendly than before. "It doesn't bother you?"

"Listen, cowboy, your age doesn't matter, not to me. What the hell—I'm ten too!"

"You are? Really?"

"Sure. You could say we all are. In a way. You know?"

"No. I mean..."

"Look here, in my eyes." He looked in her eyes. "You see?"

"What am I supposed to be seeing?"

"Me, age ten."

"You don't *seem* any different, or... Oh."

"You saw."

"Maybe. But it wasn't... what I thought it would be."

"How's it different?"

"Sadder, I guess. If that's what you meant I should be seeing. I mean... I mean it isn't as though your age is *printed* there, like a driver's license."

"Have you got a driver's license?" she asked.

"Oh yeah. They wouldn't let me have this car till I showed it to them."

"Listen, cowboy, time flies. You want to do something, or don't you?"

"Sure." He braced his mind against the words, and said them: "I'd like to fuck you."

"Then come here."

He was already beside her, but she scrunched round into a different position and made him do the same.

"Comfortable?" she asked.

"Fine. Sure."

"Okay. Now just relax. Close your eyes. Now tell me, what does it feel like when I do this?"

"Warm," he said, after concentrating on the exact sensation.

"But not right there. In my stomach, more."

"Then there's no problem. Just think about some little girl friend of yours and leave the driving to me. All right?"

"All right."

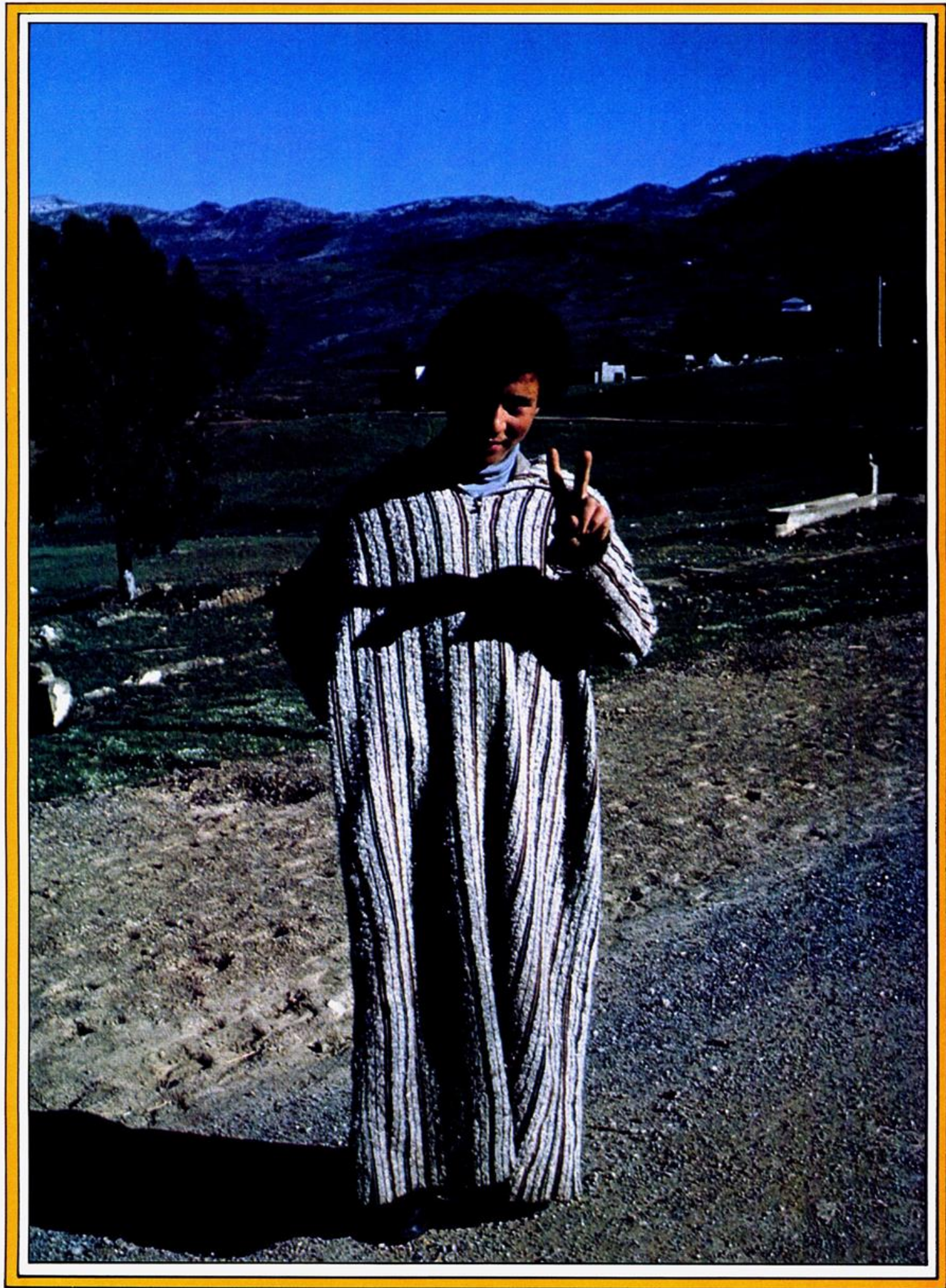
The feeling in his stomach started to spread everywhere in his body. There were little bubbles of color fizzing in the darkness of his head. They became faces, faces of women whose names he almost remembered. It started to hurt.

And then he could see the building where he would have to go to work tomorrow—a gigantic office building with gray glass walls. His back bent. His hands flexed in the air. His left boot pressed into the accelerator. His right was up on the seat of the car.

He could see his whole life, clear as day. There was his desk, his telephone, a calendar that showed a single day at a time. And his secretary, Miss Appleton. His back bent in the other direction. There was a paper full of numbers, stacks of papers, and he understood them with a persistent clarity that was also a cloudy pain everywhere inside him, a sorrow beyond the reach of his mind, which was now, again, as the child within fell back into its long, long slumber, the mind of a grown-up only.

He came.

ALWAYS WE AWAKE TO OUR METAMORPHOSED CONDITION, TO THE awareness that the strange body in the bed is our own. Women awake and discover, after centuries of dreaming, that they are men. Worms awaken into birds and music bursts from their astonished throats. An elderly businessman awakes and knows himself to be a plane tree: His leaves reach for the light and swell with growth. Often the amazement is too much to bear, and our awakening is brief. We slip back into being the rudimentary creatures that we were. We become less, and sleep resumes its old sovereignty. □



Al-Kayf

by Sir Dean Latimer

photos by Sir Laurence Cherniak

An instructive narrative for travelers to Morocco

IT IS RELATED IN THE TONGUE OF THE ARABS OF AL-ISLAM THAT late one night, when the wazeer Noor al-Deen Ibrahim had pleased himself with one of the handmaids of his servants, in the fields where she worked in the Rif Mountains of Morocco, the great man lying on his back in excess of contentment looked up into the firmament above him. There, where the five particular stars are splayed which the feringhee infidels of the Franks, who worship the Nazarene prophet Jesus in preference to Muhammad—on whose kin be all blessings—where the constellation of five stars which the Franks call Cassiopeia appears, the wazeer observed a wonderful thing.

"Behold," he told his comely companion, "how the image of a great five-fingered hand is fashioned by those stars; a hand held up in peace-giving, a palm extended open, five fingers splayed in welcome and benevolence. Even so is the welcome peace I feel within me this moment, my daughter." And he ceased speaking for a while.

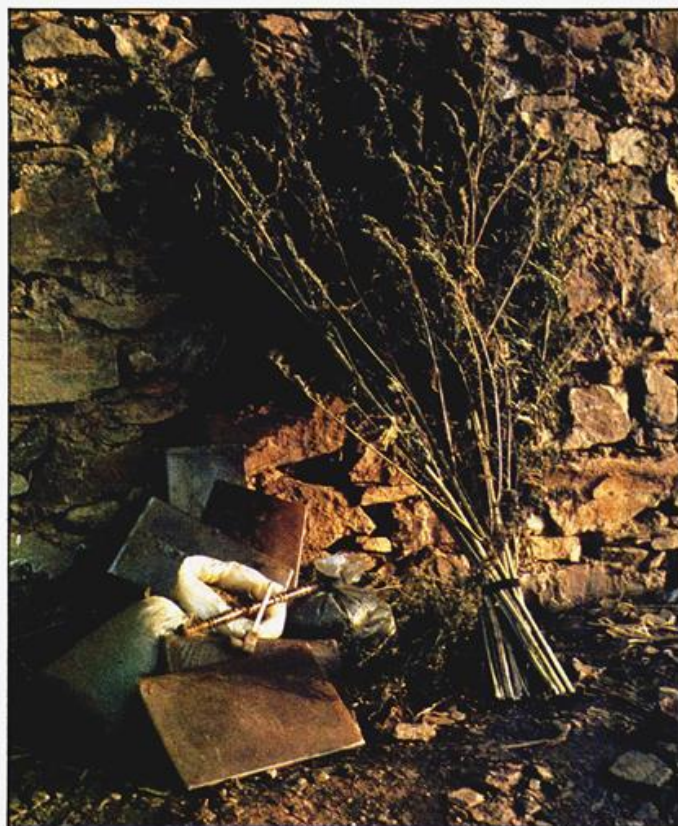
"But behold now further a curious thing!" suddenly exclaimed Noor al-Deen Ibrahim. "The hand as I watch

turns pale green, the green of all emeralds, of finest jade, and the fingers become as leaves, even long pointed saw-edged leaves, joined at a common center, and radiating symmetrically outward in a gesture of sublimest peace and welcome. Conceive a plant in the sky, surpassing green, that salutes all living things below with peace and welcome! It is a thing to confound all the sages and astrologers of the earth!"

Replied the handmaid of his ser-

vants, "It is called al-Kayf among we poor, O anointed lord. Just as the palm of the hand is called al-Kayf, when it stretcheth forth in peaceful greeting; and just as al-Kayf is also the treasured inward access of ease and benevolence toward all things which a poor man feels at the suspension of the day's toil, when with a pot of chilled buttermilk and a sherbet he resteth and admires God's artistry in the night sky.

"Just so we call al-Kayf the



many-fingered green plant which you of the university call qunnab, my liege," the damsel continued softly. "Despise it not, I pray thee. For all this night, through our merrymaking, I have fed it thee, O Noor al-Deen Ibrahim. These bittersweet confections thou has so much enjoyed, my prince and lover, are nothing other than honey and bilberry pulp, laced with the powder of al-Kayf. In this way and no other have you come to behold, in your eyes and mind, the constellation which the poor have called al-Kayf the Peace-Giving, since time out of mind, before even the days of the Prophet Muhammad—on whose descendants be all honor."

"Now God is very great!" ex-

claimed the wazeer. "I swear here and now that I will no more drink wine or fermented mare's milk, which are rightfully enjoined in the Holy Qu'ran, for that they draw a veil over the consciousness, and turn one's mind from the proper contemplation of God's majesty! From this night, henceforward and forever, I will eat only the gift of this al-Kayf, and sinlessly savour this quiet joy, and the selfsame peace and clarity of this night, O my daughter."

And so it even came to pass for Noor al-Deen Ibrahim, all his life, until there came to him the Sunderer and Destroyer of All Things, and the End of Days, and he went to his rest under the everlasting stars.

(continued)

MODERNITY HAS NOT SENSIBLY IMPROVED THE LOT OF THE COMMONFOLK in the hills north of Ketama in Morocco, only complicated it most infernally. Most of the men have discarded the respectable old tarboosh, the burnoose, the djellaba, and dress like Believers everywhere now seem to dress, from here all the way across the Believing World, even to Bangladesh and Indonesia. That is to say they wear horrid Carnaby-era bell-bottom breeches—or outright blue-denim dungarees, the rich ones—and short-sleeve cotton shirts luridly extolling the names and emblems of popular singing groups that were all the fashion in Europe two years ago, and in North America two years before that. It has done the tone of commerce no good. Conceive trying, during a formal marketplace haggling session over a suckling calf, to seriously muster up the mock bravado necessary to intimidate a large, beetle-browed, jowly and mustachioed badmash wearing a shirt that invites you, in characters unintelligible to him, to "Have A Nice Day."

As for the women of the region—but there, let us draw a veil of consideration for these poor damsels, who have all too commonly dropped their own traditional veils, revealing countenances which it would be uncharitable to endeavor to describe without chivalric hyperbole.

The boys, as always, are notoriously handsome. It is to them, naturally and forever, that any enterprising *feringhee* must apply when seeking "the hashish," as it is everywhere nowadays called.



These approaches are not casually undertaken, of course. His Illustrious Majesty Hassan II, who rules from faraway Rabat, accords the Rif Massif a perpetual neglect that is alleviated only by seasonal orgies of savage military oppression. A few seasons back, His Most Enlightened and Excellent Intelligence actually succeeded in having duly prosecuted and hanged a few of the closer relatives of some of the more prominent hashish traffickers of Ketama. Therefore, all transactions in this article are conducted largely under the rose, for the time being, in the following wise.

It is best to motor northwards out of Ketama in a rented vehicle of Western make, garbed in shrieking Western fig: Stetson hat, polyester knit shirt with some horrid Protestant design on the breast pocket, reflector sunglasses, looking in general just as much like an American as you have sufficient stomach to counterfeit. Drive slowly and ostentatiously.

Within 20 miles, your car will be speedily overtaken and passed by the Moroccan equivalent of a '68 Chevy with a '65 Ford engine, operated by a 15-year-old boy blaring his horn and waving enthusiastically. After you have proceeded up four more jack-knife turns into the Rif, you will discover this individual at the side of the road, pattering under his raised engine hood. You will stop, of course, and offer assistance—though you may actually know less of automotive engineering than you know of Arabic, even.

It is best to let the boy say "hashish" first, which he dependably will within a couple of moments. Then, after some more vigorous nodding, toothful grinning, and suggestive finger gesturing (hashish is smoked the same in any faith or tongue), he gets back into his car, and you back into yours, and you



simply follow him to his home.

Here, once the introductions to the family shaykh have been properly effected—You are a friend of his boy Abdullahi? Very nice, a very smart boy—a most remarkable strong young boy—you will drink green tea with him in the chicken-ridden courtyard for hours, tea sweet enough to stick your throat together like alum. Withal, once this eagle-eyed paterfamilias has determined to his satisfaction that you are probably not of the Eyes and Ears of the King in Rabat (may God give him long life!), then he presently will produce the yard-long, copper-bowled sebsi smoking pipe, and place it diffidently in view. Is it not a handsome artifact? An heirloom, of course, a useless but ornamental bauble, sentimental memento of his mother's grandfather, God give him felicity in Heaven...

Your reaction to this overture will offer this eagle-eyed patriarch a clue

whether he should proceed further. It would not hurt now to mention outright the Eyes and Ears of King Hassan (may God give him a bad year!) and cast suggestive aspersions against the fidelity of all his father's wives. This ought to do the trick, and have the old beggar tamping the sebsi full of hashish at last, and puffing away like one of the very Shaitans of Iblis.

It may be a couple of days before the shaykh's boys can lead you to the hereditary hashish plantation. During this time you are the guest of the family—an ornament of it, more accurately, a sort of temporary status symbol, a wealthy *feringhee* customer vouchsafed by the special grace of God to this most fortunate household, in preference to all the others in town. You

will be brought forth and exhibited in the open bazaar, like a racing camel or a portable stereo. The older brothers of other families will attempt to seduce you away with offers of better, cheaper drug, inevitably; which will ignite passionate exhibitions of violent bravado, homicidal challenge and bloodcurdling response, complete with daggers and pistols all a-flourish in broad daylight. It is nothing more than the coparishioners of al-Islam putting on a suitably impressive performance for the uncircumcised Unbeliever, of course. As you are led home, the younger boys point after you and jeer, "Hashish! Hashish! We all know you're here to buy hashish!" They are roundly thrashed by their older brothers, if they can catch them.



FAR, FAR BACK IN THE HILLS, ONCE YOU FINALLY GET THERE, THE *qunnah* spreads green and unbroken from one verge of the mountain valley to another. Ideally each proprietary plot is distinguished from the next by boundary arrangement of pumps, cisterns and much-patched irrigation pipes. Since few families keep summer-long vigilance over their hereditary tracts, however, clandestine repartitionings are inevitable and continual. When such perfidy is discovered, and both the aggrieved party who has been encroached on and the alleged encroacher are at hand, within gunshot range of one another, I recommend you retire to the cool shade beneath the truck that brought you, and stay there until the body (or bodies) is carried back to town for the formal qadi's inquest.

Male plant is not despised in patriarchal Islam. To the contrary the female plants are not harvested until their buds are so munificently gravid with seed that the sparrows descend on the fields in great ravaging flocks. This is precisely why hashish is necessarily made from it. In a cartload of this Moroccan hemp, smoked crude through the most efficient hookah, there would not be the most anemic *djinn* of a hallucination, or even a respectably dis-

graceful case of the munchies.

"Double-O" is the Anglicized designation of the choicest quality of hashish in the Rif. It refers to the finest weave of silk or nylon through which the final crushings of the crop are passed, after much laborious previous refinement, through progressively finer grades of screen and mesh. It can take two days for two brothers to grind down ten kilos of Double-O, and it would be painful to watch such hand-blistering labor, if they did not keep themselves piped up into a pleasant interior state of *al-Kayf* throughout it. At least the work is not relegated anymore exclusively to women, as it is most other places in al-Islam. Modernization may have benefited the distaff population of the Rif, at least. Women, it seems, nowadays simply refuse to be saddled with labor that is not only odious, but illegal.

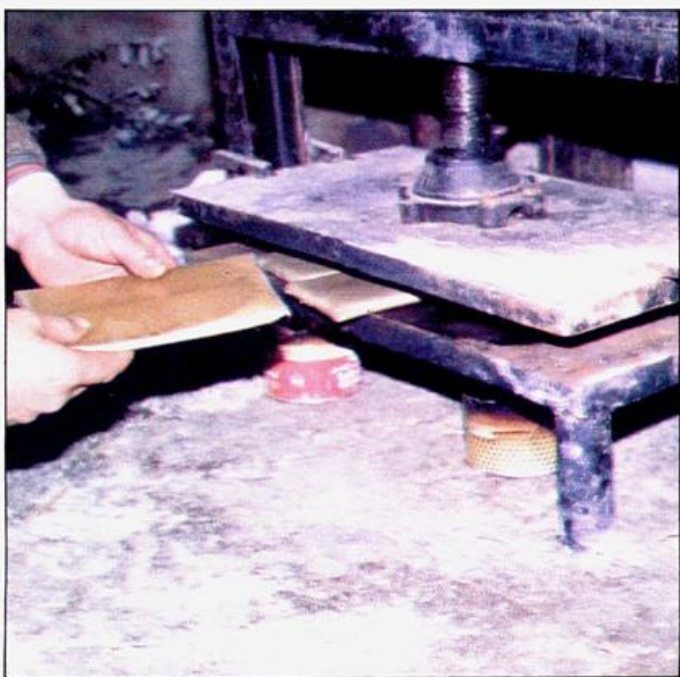
It would make the infidel Gutenberg proud—or, better yet, set him

spinning in his unconsecrated grave—to see the next part of the process. Underneath a vintage hand-screwed, block-face iron printing press are placed two butane lamps alit. When the bottom template is properly warm, a weighed kilogram of Double-O hashish, sealed in plastic, is placed on it. Tiny holes are punctured in the plastic, to permit the escape of gases, and then the upper template is slowly screwed down over it until it reaches a finger's breadth's thickness. The lamps are removed, the hashish allowed to cool, and then it is extracted and the plastic stripped away.

The result is an ideal article of commercial contraband: a slim and solid brick of concentrated *Cannabis sativa* L., about the dimensions of a Swiss banker's open billfold. Purists will hold that it is not, strictly speaking, "hashish", since it partakes not only of hemp resin, but pollen as well—kif and hashish mixed, as it were. "Double-O" is probably the best appellation for it, in want of anything more precise.

Whatever you want to call it, it should fit superbly under the floorboards and into the door panels of your next rented car, which should look as nondescript as possible. The same village where you arranged to buy the Double-O, of course, should have a selection of artisans skilled in remodeling rented vehicles in this fashion, without disfiguring them too obviously. Finally, making yourself look as nondescript as possible (and if you do not know how to do this properly then you have been very foolish to launch on this perilous hegira to begin with), you may set out north for the Mediterranean coast.

France is the best market, currently for Moroccan Double-O. There they call it, in English, "zero-zero." If you charge less than U.S. \$10 a gram for it, you are being royally screwed. □





Bruno Schmidt

Coke Whores & Other Myths

by Deanne Stillman

They say that angel dust is for fools, martinis for the middle-aged and cocaine kind of a kick for chicks.

To propositions one and two, this female connoisseur wholeheartedly subscribes. About proposition three, however, that's another story.

For some time I have been hearing tales of women and their supposed fondness for cocaine. Personally, I don't mind indulging in the stuff, particularly if it's someone else's and passed my way at a party. But the stories making the rounds these days caused me to wonder about the effect that cocaine has on women.

"Boy, when my chick snorts blow," says one cocaine Casanova, "she comes like the Seventh Avenue express." "The best drug to pick up girls with is cocaine," contends a well-known sultan of sneeze. "My old lady has coke radar," says a local prince of powder. "Whenever it's around, her nose starts twitching."

Recently, after coming in close contact with some of the drug in question (yes, it was someone else's, and passed my way at a party), I began to think very intensely about these myths. I decided that like any myths, they might contain a tiny crystal of pure, white truth. But which part was fact, and which fiction?

This required research. I had to find the answers to fundamental questions about cocaine use. How did the stories about women and cocaine begin? Don't men like cocaine too? And who snorted the very first line—Adam or Eve; Sonny or Cher?

My quest first took me to the cocaine lexicon. As many flake fans know, one of the most commonly known cocaine references happens to be feminine. For centuries, this delightful white powder has been referred to as Mama Coca. Not Papa Coca, Mr. Cocaine or Junior, but Mama Coca.

Evidently this reference dates back beyond the legendary Coca Crystal cable-television show, beyond even the early Hollywood fame of Imogene Coca, all the way back to ancient Peru, to a time when all crops were thought to be protected by female spirits. (This was possibly because the male spirits were preoccupied, dealing the crops.)

In his book entitled *Mama Coca*, a writer bearing the cryptic moniker of Antonil refers to an old history of cocaine from which he draws much of his research. In it, there is an illustration called "Mama Coca Presenting the Divine Plant to the Old World." The illustration, reports Antonil, portrays "an Art Nouveau priestess in a long, flowing white robe, bedecked in extravagant jewels, and wearing an amazing

feather headdress. With the sickle in her right hand, she had cut a few short branches of coca from the bush, holding them aloft in her left. She was placed on top of a boulder, her feet chest-high to a Spanish conquistador who stood with his right hand raised to receive the wondrous gift..."

Perhaps the fact that ancient Peruvian women were believed to represent the spirit of coca explains why today it is referred to as "the lady." Then there is the theory that the properties of the drug explain its female nickname. Cocaine can turn you into an unpleasant harpy if you snort too much, and if you snort even more, there's no telling what you might do. In other words, it makes you act just like a woman. Or so they say.

By that reasoning, however, any drug that makes you act a certain way should be named after the progenitor of the particular behavior pattern. Why isn't speed referred to as "the maniac"? How about "the bulldozer" for Quaaludes? Come to think of it, why isn't cocaine named after something it really makes you act like, such as "the rapper"?

My quest next took me into the field for eyewitness reports. After polling a random sampling of male and female cocaine enthusiasts (there is a plus-or-minus factor of 1.3 grams), I have been able to separate fact from fiction.

Myth: Cocaine really turns women on.

Fact: According to most women, cocaine really *does* turn them on... to Jack Klugman on reruns of "Quincy."

Myth: Cocaine is an aphrodisiac.

Fact: Men seem to feel that women appear to be more highly aroused after snorting cocaine. This could be because cocaine intensifies experience, and therefore everything *seems* more exciting. Women, however, claim that satisfying sex depends on the man, and drugs have nothing to do with it. But, as one woman stated, "A couple of hits of good coke and presto! My boyfriend looks like Nick Nolte." Your reporter, however, has been known to astral-project right into Nick Nolte's bedroom after a couple of hits of good coke.

Myth: Women would prefer to go out with a man who offers them cocaine rather than a man who offers them marijuana.

Fact: Yes, it's a fact. Women would also prefer to go out with a man who offers a plane trip to Jamaica rather than a bus ride to Poughkeepsie. Cocaine is a sign of affluence, and although things have changed during the past decade, they haven't really changed that much. Women are still impressed with a man who spends money on them, particularly if it's in the form of a leisure-class item like cocaine. "But just because a guy gives me coke," says one woman, "it doesn't mean I have to go to bed with him."

Myth: For women, there is no such thing as "too much coke."

Fact: It depends. "Too much coke" can produce strange results—in men and women. For instance, after snorting two grams at one sitting, one man reportedly translated a 1935 set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* into Esperanto, in 45 minutes. On the other hand, a woman who consumed an equal amount, also at one sitting, ordered her partner to perform cunnilingus and could not reach orgasm for at least two hours, during which session she recited the entire Koran, in Arabic. Whether or not this woman snorted "too much coke" is indeed a question for Mama Coca herself.

Myth: In the jungles of Peru, there is a giant, granite nose thought to be built by Aztec women.

Fact: The jury is still out on this one.

My comprehensive survey seemed to answer all of my questions except one. And so my quest took me to one more place, the hideout of legendary coke dealer Hoover Nose. "Hoover," I said, "if cocaine is really a chick's kick, then why don't they sell it at discount stores?"

Hoover laughed and said that all this stuff about women and coke had given him a new marketing idea. "I think I'll dye mine pink," he said, "and name it after a designer." □

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INTERVIEW: TOMMY RETTIG

continued from page 37

RETTIG: Well, of course.

HIGH TIMES: Did you like it?

RETTIG: Yes and no. I think it's overpriced and overrated. It's a pleasant feeling, but now I don't use it because I find I'm as high on coke as when I'm not high on anything. I have to tell you the truth: I feel better when I'm straight.

HIGH TIMES: Anyway, Peru.

RETTIG: We were all staying in the same room, and they were taking a lot of downers, coke, and partying all the time. I went down there to work and they were just fucking around. We had had this understanding whereby no coke was supposed to be brought to the room at any time. "Yeah, we'll move it to another room tomorrow," blah blah blah. After about a week I packed up my gear and split. It was just a horrible time.

Apparently there was a great deal of heat they'd picked up while they were down there, because the night I left for the airport I paid the hotel bill and I was held in the lobby while two men went up and searched the room and then went through all my luggage. Normally you get on a bus with a whole lot of other passengers; I was the only one on this bus. It was really "Midnight Express," except that I had no dope, only I sure had a lot of film. And there were pictures of everybody tooting and so on.

Then I got on the plane—I was really wired and tired at the same time—spaced out and feeling bad. I put my head against the window, and I heard this conversation going on around me. "Where do you think he's got it hid? I know he's got it on him. It wasn't in the camera case." "Did you count his money?" "Yeah, we did that." Here I am under surveillance. After we were in the air I asked to speak to the captain of the plane. I asked him what my rights were as a citizen. I finally took all my film and asked the stewardess to watch me because I didn't want to get accused of doing something else, and with the bathroom door open I flushed all the film down the toilet after exposing it to the light. There was a cursory inspection at customs, with the DEA agents, or whatever agency was doing it, right behind. I got home and slept for a week.

Nothing much happened for the rest of the year. Near the end of the year those guys were going back down—

HIGH TIMES: Which guys?

RETTIG: Guys Clifford knew. They were more independent of Clifford, but in the same business. They were going down on another run, and by this time I wanted to do more than document the smuggling trip. I wanted it to be a complete cocaine book. Because during 1974 smuggling got a lot of press—how it was done, et cetera. The government even released figures on the most common smuggling routes and which way they went, and where there were computers and where there weren't. If anybody wanted to find out how to smuggle, they

had simply to read the government reports. The *DEA Journal*, in particular—it would outsell *HIGH TIMES* if it were sold on newsstands. Anyway, just before we left, in late '74, the guy who put the deal together was approached by Clifford. Clifford told him he could get stuff for five-hundred-dollars-a-kilo less, and the guy was only buying five or six kilos—three thousand dollars, certainly not worth jeopardizing the trip, but he agreed Clifford could come.

HIGH TIMES: Were you pissed?

RETTIG: I was against it the whole time, but I ended up going to Miami with him, to board a plane for Peru via Colombia. I really wanted to do what I saw as a pioneering book, and I'd already put so much effort into it.

I stopped off in Bogotá, and spent three days with some friends of mine who were teaching down there. I was planning to stay two weeks or so in Lima—everybody who goes down spends time there so it doesn't look suspicious. By the time I got to Lima, they'd already sent Clifford home, he was such a fuckup. The government guys who were going to deal the coke told our people that if Clifford was involved, there was no deal. So I never even saw him in Peru on that trip—an important point, because it later became count five in my indictment.

"I spent an hour every week talking show biz with my probation officer."

I get home without a hitch, and like five months later I get this call at home. "Hey, if you got any shit in the house, better get rid of it. The feds are on their way right now." April 3, 1975, a date I'll never forget. It was a setup—they expected me to come running out of the house with fifty kilos of coke. Two minutes later the feds kicked my door down and found me flushing a pound of marijuana that I had just bought down the toilet. As you may know, a pound of marijuana doesn't just go down the toilet—it sits on the water.

HIGH TIMES: What had happened?

RETTIG: Turns out Clifford had come back and gotten busted off of another deal. He was a courier for a large drug-distribution family out of Tijuana. He was doing some running for them and got popped. Apparently he never even saw a lawyer, just rolled right over and started talking. And when my name came up, the feds saw an opportunity for some publicity, because the DEA loves publicity almost as much as putting people in jail. In fact, if you have name value, it's worth a lot more than jail. There were five counts altogether, and I was charged in three of them: conspiracy to smuggle cocaine; conspiracy to possess a controlled substance; and conspiracy with the intent to distribute it. Six DEA agents searched my house from morning till night

HIGH TIMES

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This was the way it started. Before the double wide rolling papers and spill proof water pipes and ceramic bongos and gongs and things, it was the musicians who took up the weed we call marijuana and embraced it as their faster than you could say "Hi Dee Hi." Back then in depression-bound America, they called it "reefer" or "muggles" or "Mary Jane" or, in honor of the great reed man and an even greater righteous reefer distributor, "The Mighty Mezz."

For the jazz cats, reefer itself was righteous. Listen to Mezz Mezzrow from his autobiography "Really the Blues": *To us a muggle wasn't any more dangerous or habit-forming than those other great American vices, the five-cent coke and the ice cream cone, only it gave you more kicks for your money... With my loaded horn I could take on all the fist-swinging, evil things in the world and bring them together in perfect harmony, spreading peace and joy and relaxation to all the keyed-up and punchy people everywhere.*

So they became vipers—smokers of marijuana—with their own way of walking, and talking and dressing. And the muggles made them mellow

and gone, not loud and aggressive like the cats who were still bottle-babies, slave to the demon alcohol. No, Mary Jane had entered the scene, turned everyone's head around, and now it was only natural that she'd sneak into the music too: *We members of the viper school were for making music that was real foxy, all lit up with inspiration and her mammy, the Mezz said. What's in your hand is what they laid down.*

All the classic reefer tunes are here. Louis Armstrong's *Muggles* was the anthem along with Mezz's own *Sending the Vipers*. *Viper's Drag* by the great Fats Waller is familiar to anyone who ever saw a cartoon. Don Redman's *Chant of the Weed* was also high on the all-time Reefer Top Ten.

Then there are the unreleased gems. Bea Foote's *Weed* and Frankie Half Pint Jackson's *Willie the Weeper*. For the blues fan check out Jazz Gillum's brilliant *Reefer Head Woman* especially if your old lady got really stoned and burnt dinner. And for the aficionados of the powder, there's *Cocaine* by Dick Justice and *Cocaine Blues* by Luke Jordan.

An historic anthology. Grass didn't spring full bloom out of the Sixties. These cats had been there and back before Grace Slick took her first aspirin. So kick off your shoes, settle back into that comfy chair, get the papers, and stock up on the Twinkies. 'Cause the mess is here. Hi Dee Hi Dee Ho.

Larry Sloman
Author of "Reefer Madness:
The History of Marijuana in
America," Bobbs-Merrill
April 1979



REEFER MADNESS

Weed/Bea Foote.
Cocaine/Dick Justice.
Willie, The Chimney Sweeper/Ernest Rodgers.
Reefer Head Woman/Jazz Gillum and his Jazz Boys.
The Mess Is Here/Cow Cow Davenport.
Pipe Dream Blues/Josie Miles.
Willie The Weeper/Frankie Jackson.
Cocaine Blues/Luke Jordan.
Save The Roach For Me/Buck Washington.
Muggles/Louis Armstrong.
Kokee Joe/Mills Blue Rhythm Band.
Sendin' The Vipers/Mezz Mezzrow.
Viper's Drag/Fats Waller.
Viper's Dream/Quintette of the Hot Club of France.
Chant Of The Weed/Don Redman.
Blue Reefer Blues/Richard Jones and his Jazz Wizards.

REEFER SONGS

Reefer Man/Harlem Lattimore and his Connie's Inn Orchestra.
The Man From Harlem/Cab Calloway Orchestra.
Here Comes The Man With The Jive/Stuff Smith Onyx Club Boys.
If You're A Viper/Bob Howard.
Texas Tea Party/Benny Goodman.
Light Up/Buster Bailey's Rhythm Busters.
Jack I'm Yellow/Trixie Smith.
Sweet Marijuana Brown/Barney Bigard.
Viper Mad/Sidney Bechet with Noble Sissie's Singers.
Weed Smokers Dream/Harlem Hamfats.
The "G" Man Got The "T" Man/C.P. Johnson and Band.
All The Jive Is Gone/A. Kirk and his Twelve Clouds of Joy.
The Stuff Is Here/Georgia White.
Wackey Dust/Chick Webb.
Who Put The Benzadrine In Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine/Harry "The Hipster" Gibson.
Jerry The Junker/Clarence Williams and his Orchestra.

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Don't Start No Stuff/Harlem Hamfats.
The Spinach Song (I Didn't Like It The First Time)/Julia Lee and her Boy Friends.
Do You Dig My Jive/Sam Price and his Texas Blueicians.
Of' Man River/Cootie Williams and his Rug Cutters.
Got A Need For You/Adrian and his Tap Room Gang.
If You're A Viper/Lorraine Walton.
Knockin' Myself Out/Yack Taylor.
All Muggled Up/Blue Steele.
Pot Hound Blues/Lucille Bogan.

TEA PAD SONGS

The Stuff Is Here and It's Mellow/Cleo Brown.
What's The Use Of Getting Sober (When You're Gonna Get Drunk Again)/Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five.
Old Joe's Hittin' The Jug/Stuff Smith and his Onyx Boys.
The Onyx Hop/Frank Newton and his Uptown Serenaders.
Reefer Man/Baron Lee and The Blue Rhythm Band.
A Viper's Moan/Willie Bryant.
Reefer Song/Fats Waller.
Jumpin' In A Julep Joint/Erskine Hawkins and his Orchestra.
Chinatown, My Chinatown/Slim & Slam.
Minnie The Moocher/Cab Calloway and his Cotton Club Orchestra.
Lotus Blossom/Julia Lee Boy Friends.
Jerry The Junker/Willie Bryant.
Blue Drag/Freddy Taylor Swing Men.
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and they came up with nothing—absolutely no dope. I was indicted in October. I sold most of my possessions so I could prepare for the case. I started writing my autobiography, which I'd called "From Dogs to Drugs." I wanted to make a publishing deal for some money. No interest.

HIGH TIMES: Did you think you were gonna beat the rap?

RETTIG: Yeah, because there was not one speck of cocaine produced as evidence of anything. And the only evidence they have of any illegal activity is a snitch. Not your average snitch—a snitch with I EAT PUSSY tattooed on his lower lip! Plus the perforated septum, which we were able to get into evidence. But in a conspiracy, all they need is corroboration of an overt act. Clifford said I went to Peru with him to smuggle cocaine.

I was convicted on two counts of conspiracy to smuggle from the two trips I'd made with Clifford—even though on the second one, again, *he wasn't even there!* The judge gave me five and a half years in prison. Five years was on the last count, which was the most likely to be thrown out on appeal, precisely because Clifford couldn't testify to my being with him in Peru. And he gave me ten years with nine and a half suspended on the first trip to Peru with Clifford, with the six months to be served in a county facility. We figure he did that to appease the media—you don't just get six months for smuggling coke. Four years later I won my appeal and it made it all moot, since the government decided to drop the case.

HIGH TIMES: What did you do for the four years you were in legal limbo?

RETTIG: In a way it was terrible and in a way it was wonderful. I'm under arrest and technically facing time in jail, so most employers won't hire me because if the decision comes down against me I'm gone. I worked as a shipping clerk at a film distribution company for two years and I sold tools over the telephone for a year. And I'd had to plead guilty to a state charge of possession of the pot I was trying to flush down the toilet—I didn't have money to fight it properly. I got two years' probation. Turns out my probation officer had spent four years as a kid watching "Lassie." All he wanted to talk about was what was like working with the dog, with Marilyn—an hour every week talking show biz.

HIGH TIMES: So what was the good news about that time?

RETTIG: I developed a treatment for a movie that I really like. It's called "Drugs," and it's about the day that drugs are legalized. Due to economic pressures in America, prohibitions don't work. We're seeing that now. The plot is that a Yale graduate student submits a thesis in economics on the legalization of recreational drugs as the one possible remedy out of our inflationary spiral, because the prices could be lowered considerably. One of her professors is a part-time economic adviser to the president. Simultaneously, the government completes this

continued on page 99

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My roommate has one final question before I take off. "Aren't you going to be in dual-controlled cars?"

"Uh-uh."

He looks at me real close, like it's the last-ever time he's going to see my face. "You mean they're gonna let you run amok in a formula car with a bunch of other maniacs?"

"It's racing-car driver school. Skip Barber racing-car driver school."

It's time to leave, trip on the steps and land splayed at the foot of the stairwell. I only hope it's not an omen.

Twenty-four hundred rpm in second gear is no great speed on the straightaway—a bit more than 30 mph. The straightaway lasts about 100 feet, long enough to make a last check of the rpm before swinging left around the first, crucial cone. Start the turn early, and the car will swing too far afield of the second cone; start it too late and you'll miss the next turning point by even more. Either mistake will leave you less well prepared for each successive turn in the slalom.

Stretched low in the formula Ford, I'm about eye level with the orange cone when I pull abreast of it. I pull to the left, still accelerating out of the first turn, wildly oversteering, elbows flailing in some attempt to put the car on an axis with the slalom course. Big mistake. Too late I look ahead to the second cone, looming maybe 20 feet away. About 10 feet past the point I should have started turning into the second curve, I aim for the Impossible Curve, the line that, if my prayers are answered, if it exists, will get me through the next S-curve. I figure I can make the curve if I slow down. I lift off the throttle just as I edge by the second cone, in the tightest part of the curve. The sound of the outside world cuts out. Down pitches the nose. The rear wheels balk and wobble. Down on the power out of the turn. Rolling not so much forward as sideways, out of the force of the turn, pitch left then back as the rear tires dig in. Eyes on the next cone. Up no down on the power. . . but then it's coming at me faster. . . gotta pit that roaring g-force against the sputtering

roll to the inside. . . don't lift. . . or you're liable to TTO. . . that means skid, kid. . . or you're going to where are you going?

Such was my welcome to the Skip Barber Racing School, one of a handful of schools that trains drivers to race. The only entrance requirement is age: Anyone 16 years or older who can plunk down the stiff fee can attend. A three-day course runs \$700 to \$775. I was never even asked to show a driver's license.

I met up with the first class in the press room of the Pocono infield. For the 11 students there are three instructors. Bruce MacInnes, chief instructor for the school, had just one question before entrusting me with the \$13,000 car. "HIGH TIMES. Are you high?"

Wrecks your concentration, he warns the class. "Don't put anything in your bloodstream, nothing in your veins."

An hour later, with a purely theoretical knowledge of how to run the slalom, I'm strapping myself into a Crosslé Formula Ford. Every effort is made to match driver to car size. Still, I find myself padded

in with a car seat and eight inches of foam rubber.

Instruction is cheerful and relentless. I foul through the slalom twice. Bruce shouts over the engine roar to encourage me, as he will again and again, to say on the throttle. "You're dildoeing through the exercise. Don't be afraid to squeeze on the power. These cars are meant to go 120, 140 miles an hour. Trust me."

By lunch I tell him I've made it up to 3,000 rpm in fourth gear. He shakes his head. "Speed isn't speed on the straightaway. Zippy the Chimp can do that. Speed in the corner—that's the hot lick."

The hottest lick at Skip Barber is turning into the apex of a curve under heavy braking. Worth seconds off a lap, it allows you to brake later in the straightaway and downshift later in the corner for faster exits. The tires can do three things at full capacity: go forward, brake or turn. Any driver knows intuitively that if you ask the tires for full capacity in two directions at once, they won't respond: Take a street-corner too fast and you'll skid



e Pocono Infield

by Claude Lavalle

out. But you can use a percentage of each force in combination. If, for example, you brake to full capacity, then turn while easing off the brake, you can feel how much power you have left in each direction.

By mid morning, we're lining up for braking exercises—stay on the power down the straightaway to the black cone, squeeze on the brakes and stand on it. Full-capacity braking, or threshold braking, is braking to the threshold of lockup. "You know you're threshold braking if you go to turn the steering wheel and you can't," says one instructor. (Another way to find the threshold is to lock up a wheel and lay a little rubber on the track. It's their car, I figure. This is the stuff you can't do in your sedan, on the road, in the company of other cars, in front of your mother.)

The class moves along fast. By the afternoon we're loaded into the school van for 6 or 11 turns around the track. "Stay right against the outside down the straightaway, use the whole track, turn into the apex, threshold brake, trail off the brake,

downshift." The track is marked with more orange cones, standing on the outside of the track on the straightaway, on the inside to mark the apex of each curve. By the end of our first day, we're back in our cars running practice laps, making bomber runs at every orange-bright apex.

The straightest line through a corner, the so-called inside line, cuts across the apex close to the inside of the track. The apex being the point where the radius of the corner is the smallest. Behind the wheel, it's the point where you start correcting the wheel or driving out the turn. Figure the apex too early and you'll find yourself driving out of the turn where the corner is tightest, headed for whatever lies outside the outside of the track. Depending on what lies over yonder, you can estimate how bad the crash is going to be: a brick wall, or a six-inch verge in the green, can crack your chassis or your skull.

I head down the straightaway, alone and forlorn and a little tired after eight hours of listening to Maroon 88, a good three feet from the outside of

the track. My concentration's not too good. In the first turn I lose it in the double-clutch downshift and park the car caddy-cornered across the track. On the second lap, Bruce MacInnes flags me off the track.

"You're going 10 miles an hour! There are guys behind you going 50, 60 miles an hour. Step on the power. This is racing-car driver school!"

For serious would-be racers, the cost of a course at the school is a major drawing point. Courses range from one to seven days and cost from \$250 to \$1,325. The only alternative to a racing school is sustaining the cost of buying and maintaining a car while learning to drive it. An equally strong draw is the school-sponsored racing series for graduates. The school stages the races and provides the cars and maintenance. Relative to the cost of going it alone, it's a cheap way to race: A whole season of nine racing weekends costs about \$5,865—a bargain if you can afford it. In comparison, a season of regional races can be had for

\$20,000; a stab at the National Championship costs upwards of \$36,000, or, as one instructor puts it, "roughly the cost of another car—and that gives you nothing but a trophy and a title." The racing press views the school series as a tough proving ground, but basically junior achievement.

The school has turned out 2,400 graduates since former racer Skip Barker opened it in 1975. More than half of them never sat in a racing car again. And though the brochure promises the three-day course will make students better, safer street drivers, \$700-plus is one steep price to pay for driver's ed.

Of the 11 students in my course, 4 have previous experience in some racing class—showroom stock, autocross or formula. Most have never been in a formula car before. My group includes a probation officer, a maintenance worker on the Delaware Memorial Bridge, a gofer at a car dealership. George Barker works for the U.S. Postal Service. Last year he shelved his marriage after ten and a half years,

continued on page 73

HIGH INTERIORS



by Eleanore Kennedy

AL MURPHY—chauffeur to the elite of the entertainment world—is booked by all the biggies. Why? 'Cause he drives the most glamorous stretch limo in New York. Also 'cause of his ability to carry out "special instructions." All requests are honored. Need a straw? He'll come up with one. A Famous Amos cookie? No problem. Chauffeur school trains you to stock the Dom Perignon and Perrier, but the extras come from his "anyone who gets in my car is VIP for a day" attitude.

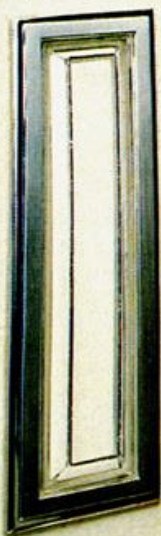
Al has serviced a range of celebs from Diana Ross to the hostages. Phil Ramone, who just picked up three Grammys, uses Al. So do fashion designers, sheiks, rock groups and every major movie star. Some hire two cars—one is just for the luggage!

At \$32 an hour plus a 15 percent to 20 percent service charge, moments of glory don't come cheap. But for the high ticket price, security, comfort and style are yours. Pull up to a famous "impossible to get into" club, and you're assured instant entry from the doorman. People love to be seen in this white beauty. They'll spend hours in a nightspot anticipating their exit in full view of a group of the waiting curious.

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Bill Ashe Studio

Glamour is a white 1981 Lincoln with black leather interior. The car was cut in half and the customized center section added; hence the term custom stretch. Interior features include: bar and liquor storage compartments with side ice buckets; television; stereo cassette deck; AM/FM stereo; telephone; two-way radio system; tinted windows; electric partition; rear side opera mirrors; and electric moon-roof. Other accessories courtesy of the occupants.



POCONO INFIELD

continued from page 71

moved in with his mother and faced a pile of divorce bills. But when his tax refund came in, he sent it to Skip Barber Racing school is the most fun George has ever had. Will he go for the series? "Nah, I couldn't do that."

David Mikelson arrived at Pocono in his Porsche. Is he planning to go out for the series? No, he says. Will he race his Porsche? He shakes his head. Then what is he getting out of the course? "Well, for one thing, I'm going to tighten up the Porsche. Compared to these cars it's like mush." He pauses thoughtfully. "And I really believe that on the highway, early apexing is the major cause of accidents."

Bruce MacInnes is the Werner Erhard of the Skip Barber school. His concentration is his greatest asset, says one instructor. "If I had his concentration, I'd be as fast as him."

"Racing is a kind of alpha state, like watching TV," says MacInnes. "You're passive, but totally receptive. Everything's just coming at you."

His driving record is a product of his inner game. MacInnes has the zen down cold. "The way to dominate a race," he advises students, "is qualify in the first practice. Then go home for the day. You'll scare everybody."

Like all the instructors at the school, MacInnes has an impressive list of driving credentials. He has two thick loose-leaf notebooks of clips to prove it. In April he beat the current Formula Ford national champion in Venezuela, but he's never had the financial backing to go after the title himself.

For the staff, the school offers a chance to keep a hand in the sport. But it's not racing. When a student brags of a rich acquaintance, one staffer is quick to hit on him. "Do you know anyone who would be interested in sponsoring a racer?"

At the end of a day of classes the staff gathers at a local bar. Over beer and popcorn the talk turns maudlin, the sound of

men whose drive and dedication is bolstered by their belief in the intrinsic worth of discipline and self-sacrifice.

"A lot of people in the series get into a car with the idea that if you're good and fast, somebody's gonna give you money to go racing," says Hank Sylvester. "I'm realistic enough to know that financially I can't make it as a race-car driver." He estimates 80 to 100 drivers make it on the pro circuit. An older staff member says that maybe 30 formula drivers make money racing.

Hank Sylvester, 25, is one of the two school roadies. At the end of the week he will pack up the school, load the cars onto a trailer and move the whole operation to the track at Lime Rock, Connecticut. During the season there will be courses at six different tracks, plus lapping days and series races on weekends. Hank's also the school grease monkey, taking the cars apart and putting them back together. He describes himself alternately as the Northeast schools director and as a gofer. He works seven days a week, 14 hours a day, for something less than \$200 a week. In return for his labor, he gets to run in the racing series.

Hank made good money as a tractor-trailer driver for six years and, he says, he's received eight job offers in the past two weeks. He's not sure he ought to stay with the school. He quit last summer, but hired on again for the spring season.

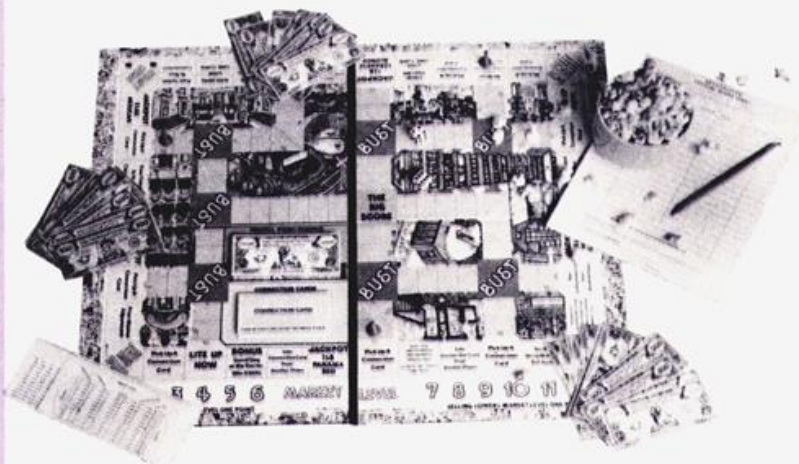
"I'm doing what I want to do. It's always been my dream," he says. "I'm young. I have nothing to lose but an opportunity for any kind of business career—and I always made money with my labor anyway—and my health."

Bruce MacInnes shows up, restless. He tries the pinball machine, Space Invaders, then settles on a challenge to a dart game. MacInnes is up first. The first dart is a centimeter from the bull's-eye, but the second lands square.

Still holding the third dart, MacInnes starts to walk away. He shrugs in wide-eyed innocence. "Well, I guess that's the game." □

Complete information is available from Skip Barber Racing School, 1000 Massachusetts Ave., Boxboro, MA 01719. Other racing schools offer similar instruction. The British School of Motor Racing offers a three-day course in Quebec, New York State and California, and also offers a racing series for graduates. Write 22255 Eucalyptus Ave., Riverside, CA 92508; on the East Coast, the same school operates under the name Jim Russell School Canada, P.O. Box 119, Mont Tremblant, Quebec, J0T 1Z0. Racer Bertil Roos offers a three-day racing course; write Roos Racing Enterprises, P.O. Box 221, Blakeslee, PA 18610.

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David Armstrong

COCAINE COLONIALISM

continued from page 47

been chewing it steadily since the Stone Age, eight quids per working person per day. Two ounces of coca leaves, besides the invigorating alkaloid cocaine, will furnish the U.S. RDA of calcium, iron, phosphorus, vitamin A, vitamin B₂ and vitamin E; not much else that's that nourishing will grow that high up in the sky. The cocaine itself has the fortuitous effect of abolishing *soroche*, or altitude sickness.

Manuel Capercuna has seen *yattari* medicine men and *brujo* shamans among the *altiplano* Indians perform some startling feats, using coca in healing ceremonies; it looks like faith healing, except that it really works, and has been described in detail by the Brazilian anthropologist Anthony Henman in *Mama Coca* (London: Hassle Free Press, 1978). *Mamacoca*, in fact, is the eponymous personification of the Quecha and Aymara earth-mother deity, Pachamama, in her role as healer and provider.

Taking all these factors into consideration, the U.S. Department of State in 1979 composed a massive set of recommendations, which involved Paraquatting the Andean crop down to what they judged to be the absolute minimum these Indians needed; after that, a gradual "crop substitution" program would be initiated, just as soon as the witchdoctors at State could figure out something that would grow at that altitude that would also keep the people there alive.

Meanwhile, down in Santa Cruz, *la mafia cruceña* was quietly bringing up its own *Erythroxylon coca*. It all went into full production around '78 or '79. So while the narcobureaucrats of the United States were up in the *altiplano*, plotting out the least genocidal way to tear the *cocada* quids out of the Indians' cheeks, down in Santa Cruz about

Garcia *falangistas*.

La mafia cruceña comprises an uncomfortable alliance of three hereditary coke mobs in Santa Cruz. The *capo da tutti capi* has traditionally been industrialist Jorge Naller, for whom Col. Lucho Arce himself is only a lieutenant. Naller's people produce some 30,000 kilos of *pasta* per year from their terraces in Monteverde, Okinawa (*sic*), and Perseverancia in northern Santa Cruz. Besides Arce—who sitteth at the right hand of President Garcia—Naller enjoys the services of Col. Faustino Rico Toro of army intelligence and Widen Razuk, sometimes prefect of Santa Cruz. Their main enforcer, who directed the paramilitary dirty work, was until recently José Abraham Battista, the very customs chief in Santa Cruz Airport; but Battista was greased in the crossfire during a coke-mob shootout at a restaurant last year, shortly after Senator deConcini in the United States fingered him as one of Gen. Garcia Meza's prime "campaign" contributors, helping underwrite the Cocaine Coup. Battista has since been replaced by one Omar Cassib, who works tightly with Naller's personal bodyguard—the venerable Jacques Clerck, late of the famed French Connection, who split to Uruguay after Marseilles got so hot in 1972. The esteemed position as head of Naller's private secret-service squad may come mainly by way of honorarium for Clerck, who has done so much for the fascist international in years past.

Veterans of the midcentury heroin traffic also show up in the entourage of *la cruceña's* number two toot mob, headed by Alfredo "Cotuche" Gutierrez and snowbird benefactor Roberto Gasser. Gutierrez runs the largest private airstrip in Santa Cruz, while Gasser, besides his sugar monopoly, is presently chairman of the department's chamber of commerce. Their operation works a bit like Jimmy Breslin's Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight.

There was one wonderful incident, just before last year's *pichicata* putsch, when Gutierrez and Gasser themselves showed up in line at a Miami bank, hoping to deposit some outrageous sum—\$90 million, some say—in cold cash. The Drug Enforcement Administration will confirm busting them there on currency and conspiracy violations, but will go no further. This is curious, because it may have been the all-time great sting operation. According to the "60 Minutes" exposé, the DEA flew some outlandish pile of buy money into Santa Cruz on a big fat airplane, loaded it with 500 pounds of *pasta*, and took off for parts unknown. The buy money was simply such a huge sum that the mob's distinguished godfathers could hardly trust anyone *else* to go bank it for them, and neither would trust the other, either. And so—despite last-minute warnings from Lucho Arce that this was obviously a sting setup—Gasser and Gutierrez wound up fidgiting in the deposit line in Miami, when the federal authorities arrived with the handcuffs. Both conservative industrial magnates were duly arraigned in federal court, released on \$1-million-bail

apiece, and promptly absconded back to Santa Cruz. HIGH TIMES spent nearly two weeks trying to get a formal confirmation or denial from the Miami DEA about the fine points of this historic caper, but they just never answered the calls. (The DEA was then obsessed with publicizing Operation Grouper, a monster appropriation-time grass bust.)

The Gutierrez-Gasser people's main man in La Paz is the eponymous Ariel Coca, currently out to pasture officially, but never far from Garcia Meza's opulent Palacio Quemado. They also have a sometimes Santa Cruz prefect on staff, Oscar Roman Vaca, to expedite loading and takeoff procedures. Their enforcer is Mosca Monroy, the bazooka marksman, and their terraces are around Caserio, Banda de Rio Grande, and San Javier: 20,000 ki's of *pasta* per year.

The likeliest up-and-coming mafia, by *el garganto's* estimation, is that of Roberto Suarez, which has overnight turned the little hamlet of Montero into a muddy, fly-blown Disneyland of outrageously ostentatious creature comforts. Mercedes-Benzes wend proudly along the Montero ox-trails now, from *pasta* factory to *pasta* factory. More practical people drive American jeeps and Land Rovers. On a typical sunny morning in Montero, a Peruvian paper recently reported, it's quite customary to see \$1,000 change hands, in U.S. \$100 bills, over a single cockfight round.

Suarez's edge over the competition is provided by Gen. Hugo Echeverria, commander of the army's massive Second Division, stationed in Santa Cruz. Echeverria lacks much influence in La Paz, but his lads have plenty of clout in Santa Cruz itself. One of them is Colonel Lara, who runs the elite Ranger's Regiment out of Montero; with considerable help from the Johnson CIA in 1967, the Rangers tracked down Che Guevara and put his lights out. But these people are not inflexibly ideological; one of Suarez's enforcers happens to be one "Coco" Ballivian, who fought with Che Guevara in his impetuous youth. The other main enforcer is Rudi Landivar, a former army major who was so corrupt that *Banzer's* people cashiered him out of the service!

Out of Yacani, Puerto Villaroel and Portachuelo the Suarez people lab down about 20,000 ki's of *pasta* per annum in their Montero labs. The labs themselves enjoy state-of-the-art security systems engineered by Klaus Altmann, who used to be Herr Klaus Barbie when he was the Gestapo chief of Nazi-occupied Lyons in France. Interpol is forever promising to haul Altmann back to Europe to answer for all those human beings he stuffed into cattle cars back then, but somehow he always manages to elude their sophisticated espionage network with a little help from his friends in "New Bavaria": Paraguay. Altmann rolled into La Paz special for the coup last year, aboard a personnel carrier spray-painted *VIVA BOLIVIA NACIONALISTA*, hauling a cadre of blank-uniformed European mercs he had personally trained in Paraguay.



The Gestapo's own Klaus Barbie-Altmann checks new accommodations in Palacio Quemado, La Paz. (Interpol: please note.)

four times as much coca as the Yungas and Chapari production combined was coming into industrial bloom. In La Paz, the government was solemnly showing the Yank-ees their new plans for regulating Indian coca production—even while Ariel Coca's *cruceña coqueros*, in military drag, were loading regular commercial consignments of *pichicata* onto big fat-bellied, twin-engine, long-distance Colombian transports. By the time State and the DEA caught wind of this enormity, *la cruceña* already had the Cocaine Coup plotted out with the Arce-



President-elect-in-exile Hernan Siles Zuazo.

This is *la mafia cruzeña*, the main producers of industrial toot to the world, serving the rich and trendy of North America for at least four years now. Out of the 70,000 ki's of *cruzeña pasta* produced last year, about 6.3 million grams of pure coke were furnished. It all requires 15 well-scheduled planeloads a week out of Santa Cruz, and a fantastically remote, clumsy, but *efficient* transcontinental distribution system.

There have been setbacks and irritations. Hugo Banzer's very nephew, Guillermo Abastoflor, was nailed muling huge bundles of green cocadollars to perfectly respectable U.S. banks; so was his brother-in-law, Fernando Valle. Then diplomats Tapia Fontanilla and Sanchez Bello were busted in Canada holding embarrassing quantities of pure flake. Singer Toto Quezada, a high-society La Paz celeb, turned out to be *la cruzeña's* main man in Spain; and his wife, Rosario Polly, afterward turned up in La Paz as Lucho Arce's secretary and main squeeze. Ariel Coca's brother-in-law crashed a plane carrying 500 pounds of pure flake in Panama, while Coca was still running the air force academy, and so on.

Worse yet, the United States cut off its aid assistance last year when Carter's people heard about the coup carnage, and Garcia Meza had to hand over the whole country, sort of, to Argentina as collateral on an emergency loan. Lucho Arce was very indignant about it. Jimmy Carter, he swore to a local paper, would inevitably be responsible now for a cocaine epidemic in America: "At this time, having suspended aid, he will be the sole author of the increase of cocaine consumption in the United States. The military junta will have to reorganize the narcotics office, since there are no funds to maintain it in its former position." On a subsequent visit to Washington, Arce told the American public by way of "60 Minutes" that the "Castroites" were behind the blow trade exclusively. He and his friends in the La Paz brass, he insisted, were pure as Snow White.

The Snow Whites, in fact, recently made the *New York Times* business section by enlisting the prestigious financial firm of Salomon Brothers to renegotiate the \$400 million they have outstanding with international banks. The financial community was delighted. If anyone can launder 400 million cocadollars in a minimal stretch of time, through Krugerrands and other wholesome investments, it is the Salomon Brothers.

Meanwhile, there is another coca harvest due in Santa Cruz this month. Now, admittedly, it's terribly hard to tell Bolivian cocaine from the article produced by Peru, which still enjoys a species of democratic government. Bolivian, since it's labbed down from *Erythroxylon coca*, tends to be flaky in its pure form, while Peruvian *truxillense* clusters into chunks. Both are visually identical, of course, once they get to the \$120-a-gram street level, cut about 90 percent with mannitol or inositol or procaine. At this purity level, a dab of Bolivian *Erythroxylon* on the tip of the tongue has a sharp, bright taste which sort of fluoresces subtly through the whole mouth for about five minutes and then fades, whereas Peruvian *truxillense* hardly has any taste at all at first but then becomes rapidly bitter throughout the mouth—and the taste lingers longer than *Erythroxylon*. Of course, the cutting agent will complicate the taste considerably: mannitol tastes mildly sweet, while inositol and procaine taste mildly bitter. It helps greatly, in trying to tell the difference between Bolivian and Peruvian, to get stoked up good on reefer first so that one's taste buds are at optimum receptivity and discriminative ability. It's worth taking the trouble, though, in the interests of righteous dope consumption.

What the Free World needs right now is a Bolivian cocaine boycott. If everyone reading this magazine would only abstain from coke for the summer, just for a couple months, the result would be awesome to behold. The entire rickety *pichicata* pipe would back up like a clogged urinal: whole bins of pasta sitting in corrugated-steel sheds all winter down there, rusting and precipitating nastily. The mafiosi of Santa Cruz would be heartily massacring each other over the decimated profits, and the government would most likely topple for good—and maybe even call for free elections again, gagging at the thought. Klaus Barbie would go back to "New Bavaria," and Mosca Monroy might even go back to jail. More practically, a coke boycott would be *certain* to break up the price-fixing rackets these hoods have going in Santa Cruz; once people started buying again, around late September, with a new crop shortly due, the mafiosi would be falling all over each other to move out all that backlogged *pasta*, and the street purity here might go up over 25 percent, and the price fall below \$50 a gram! How can you lose?

More responsibly, to paraphrase *el garganto* Capercuna: "If Reagan's people really want to police the hemisphere, why don't they go after the real crooks and subversives down in the Andes? The cocaine fad is ruining the quality of the television all you Americans watch, you know, which is affecting the psyche of a whole generation. Think of the children!" □

For information and support for the Bolivian people write to: ICS Bolivia, (CONADE N.Y.), P.O. Box 2853, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

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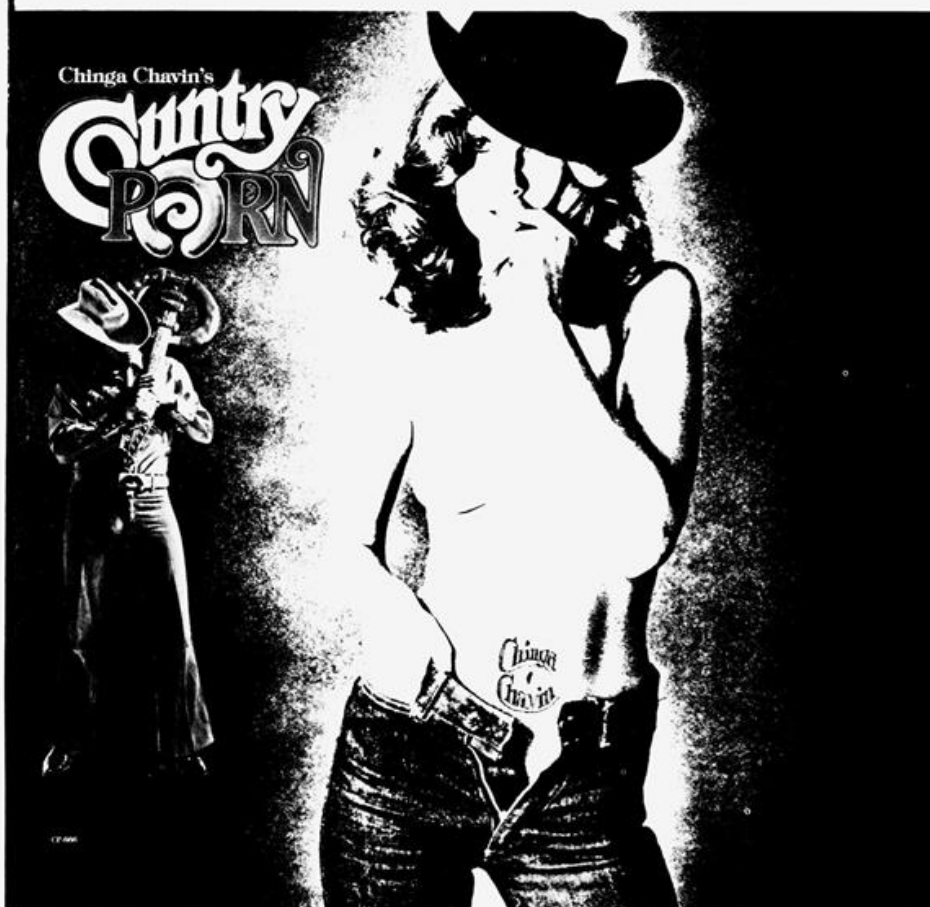
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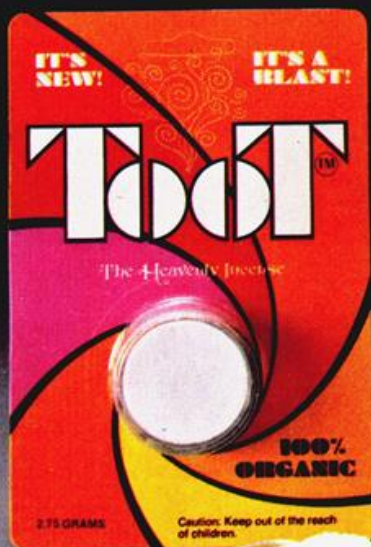
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SEED N STEMS

Hollywood Dope Craze Spreads to Muppets!

MISS PIGGY FELLED BY DOPE O.D.!!

CONGRESSMAN ENRAGED, PLEDGES ACTION



by Greta Yenta,
Our Hollywood Reporter

The Memory Shop

Charlotte Sowe, known and loved by millions of TV viewers as "Miss Piggy," was reportedly found unconscious in a motel room on San Francisco's grimy Embarcadero Street last month, the victim of a pills-and-alcohol overdose.

"We were all shocked and saddened to hear of this tragic event," a spokeswoman for PBS-TV personality Kermit "the Frog" Squamusco told the press in New York. "Everyone knew Miss Piggy was upset and depressed over the cancellation of her network show. But there just didn't seem to be anything anyone could do for her." Kermit, a top-paid successful star of the top-rated "Sesame Street," had been a regular performer on Miss Piggy's "Muppet Show," which ran for barely three seasons.

Asked about popular rumors linking Miss Piggy and Kermit romantically, the PBS spokeswoman replied sharply, "That's hogwash—no pun intended, if you know what I mean." Other rumors, to the effect that Kermit had cruelly jilted Miss Piggy when her ratings dropped, contributing to her suicidal depression, met a terse "Get lost."

Kermit himself, on a sudden vacation to Okefenokee, Florida, was unavailable for personal comment.

The buxom, blond variety performer was successfully treated at the Haight-Ashbury Free Veterinary Clinic and released after two days. Since then, she reportedly has stayed in seclusion in a Marin County

commune, mainly composed of veteran performers from the Muppet troupe that was cashiered after the first two seasons of "Saturday Night Live."

"The less said about it all, the better," snapped the commune leader, Skrod. "If you want to point the finger somewhere, point it at Jim Henson. He treats you like a one-trick pony. He pulls all the strings, and if you don't work out right away—clip!"

Jim Henson, 53, could not be located for comment. Nor could other working Muppet personalities, such as Big Bird, Cookie Monster or the Snuffleupagus. The Muppet acting community has clearly decided to sweep the Miss Piggy drugs incident under the rug as much as possible.

"Well, it won't wash," declared Rep. Robert Dornan (D-Cal.), ranking member of the House Select Committee on Drug Abuse and Control. "These puppets or fluffets or what-do-you-call-them are role models for American TV viewers of all races and ages. If they've all turned into a bunch of drug-heads, then, by God—excuse my French—somebody should do something about it."

An aide for the select committee refused to confirm or deny that subpoenas are being prepared for a full investigation into the drug problem among inanimate television performers. "But it wouldn't be any dumber," he affirmed candidly, "than the circus we pulled in Hollywood last spring, with live performers."

GREETINGS! I'M EDWARD R. MURROW AND I'VE GOT A...

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janebrucker

40-YEAR OLD "MARY JANE" ADDICT DISCOVERED!

by Elizabeth Bonwit-Teller,
Our Middle-aged-American Expert

Death has not yet come to the house where "Jimmy"—Mr. R. James O'Keefe—lives, with his wife, Theresa, in a pleasant-looking Virginia suburb. But it draws nearer every day, with implacable certainty, every time 40-year-old "Jimmy" is visited by his "pusher," a 26-year-old marijuana peddler whom we will call "Carl" in this story, because if his real identity were to be divulged in "Seeds 'n' Stems," Carl has threatened me, he will personally nail one end of my entrails to a tree and chase me around it, "until you run out of rope."

But I was personally on hand, honest to goodness, any number of times, when 26-year-old Carl fed this enervating drugs poison to poor 40-year-old Jimmy.

It is a scene that is being repeated hundreds, probably thousands of times every day, in the comfortably furnished split-level suburban dwellings where the middle-aged people of this country are forced to congregate and live out of sheer economic necessity. Jimmy, his unblemished insurance-adjuster's forearms with their robust golf-course tan exposed by the short sleeves of his polyester knit shirt with the jaunty sailboat embroidered on the left breast pocket, sits nonchalantly in his imitation leather reclin-a-lounger while 26-year-old Carl "rolls up" a "number"—slang for spreading the gritty green powder of well-sifted marijuana along a creased length of cigarette rolling paper, licking the pre-gummed edge with his tongue, and skillfully creasing, then doubling and redoubling the marijuana-filled paper into a tight, deadly "number," or "joint," or marijuana cigarette.

"Someday you're gonna have to learn to do this by yourself," 26-year-old Carl tells the 40-year-old Jimmy, as he hands him the "number," which Jimmy plucks impatiently with well-practiced thumb and forefinger and places skillfully between his lips with a gesture that tells you he's done this before, probably hundreds of times, in his middle-aged life.

"Remember," Carl tells a reporter who happens to be on hand, as he produces an innocent-looking 95¢ "Bic" butane lighter, and uses it to light the "joint" of narcotic weed dangling from Jimmy's lips—"Remember, if you ever give out my real name, or R. James O'Keefe's name, I will personally sew you up in a canvas bag with three snapping turtles and an electric eel, and drop you into the shark-infested waters off southern Florida, through which we marijuana moguls move most of



40-year-old "Jimmy"

our 'reefer' into the United States, right under the noses—ha! ha! ha!—of hardworking but overburdened and underbudgeted local, state and federal narcotics officials."

While Carl threatens and terrorizes the reporter from ever revealing her sources, never in a million years, Jimmy has fallen under the seductive sway of the pungent-smelling drugs cigarette. "Wow, that's good s-t!" he exclaims, skillfully exhaling a long gray plume of marijuana smoke between his 40-year-old lips. "Is it Colombian or Jamaican this time?" Poor Jimmy, obviously, has already learned to tell the difference between different varieties of "Mary Jane," as he calls it, and obviously thinks it "smart" to "show off" his tragic, heart-rending sophistication. "God-dammit, Carl," he casually curses, "when are

you gonna let me buy some of this terrific reefer?"

"Be cool, man," counsels Carl sternly. "I want to get you good and hooked on this narcotic before I actually start selling it to you. I want to get you so strung out" ("strung out" means, in drugs slang, "addicted") "that you'll come crawling on your belly through a mile of s-t and beg me to take your \$35 for a zee" (drugs slang for "ounce") "of this stuff."

"But Carl, it's been nearly three years now," Jimmy pleads cravenly. "Every f—king day for three years you've come around to my house and fed me at least \$15 worth of reefer. I figured it out on my pocket computer," Jimmy declares, producing from his knit shirt a carefully folded computer ledger sheet. "At \$15 a day for three years, that's \$16,375 you've already invested in me. Now, if I start buying zees from you, right now, at \$35 a zee, and figuring each zee lasts me approximately three weeks, it'll take about 13 years for you just to recoup your original outlay on me. Now, in that time, either of us could get busted, or move to another state, or die of natural causes. Or I might find another dealer with better, cheaper grass, and go over to him. I just don't see where, margins-and-futures-wise, it's realistically economical for you to give dope away for three years, just to set up a potentially regular customer."

"Now Jimmy," chides Carl angrily, "do you think I'm in it just for the money? This is the drugs racket, Jimmy! We drugs pushers don't think about real things like profit and loss. We're stupid, and we're evil! We get middle-aged people like you in our clutches, out of the indwelling evil we were especially born with. Money doesn't mean s-t in the narcotics racket, Jimmy. It's victims we're after!"

"Well, thanks," responds Jimmy gratefully, taking another poisonous puff. "That explains a lot. Gee, this sure is good s-t, this free stuff."

Carl then turns to the reporter, waving a .357 Magnum under her nose and sticking it in her ear intimidatingly. "And as for you, if the Pulitzer Prize people even get so much as the color of my eyes by way of partial verification of this story, you can expect to have your first-born child delivered up to you *en brochette*, with A-1 steak sauce. Get the picture, toots?"

And so at least I can always tell the world that I was a Pulitzer Prize contender. Instead of a liar. Which, let's face it, is what I am.*

*A line plagiarized from a very good movie I saw once, while attending the Sorbonne University in Paris, France.

General Alexander Haig's INSIDE STRAIGHT



Wide World

"Is that an Ingram M-10 in your pocket, comrade, or are you just excited to see me?"

It's been a bum booter of a few months here at State. Hell, by the time you bong biters read this, the only thing that stands between you and a horde of yellow-toothed, close-cropped Russian commies, me, may well be out of a job. And believe me, if that happens you might as well stick your head in the microwave oven and set it on, dummy—because them Russians are going to be surfing ashore all over California, not to mention landing clam boats all over the Martha friggin' Vineyard. I'll bet Joni Mitchell, for one, will be singing a different tune when she sees a couple of thousand rape-crazed Russky butt-soldiers hopping out of the mouth of a beached whale on the beach in front of her friggin' house.

Well, as you readers probably know, your general here has been drawing some fire over the question of these Maryknoll nuns allegedly iced by our Salvadorean allies.

As I stated on national news, in all likelihood these nuns were trying to blast through a roadblock and ended up getting shot into a pretty much dead situation. Now a lot of people say that the fact they were drilled in the back brain suggests they weren't running a roadblock. Still others have suggested that the fact they had no clothes on their butts and were full of semen implies they were raped.

Anyone who buys that has got a head full of Marx and no mistake. Fact is these nuns were up in the hills humping Commies and didn't bother to take time to put their pants

back on afterwards, just hopped in the damn vehicle and headed home leaking on the friggin' seats. As for being shot in the back, there are two possibilities. The first is that they were driving backwards for some kind of kicks. The other is that the Salvadorean police soldiers won't shoot anyone until they are sure of guilt. So they let the nuns plow through the roadblock and then blast them through the back window as they're trying to make off. Anyway you cut it, it don't look so damn good for them Maryknoll nuns.

Fact is these here nuns were guilty as hell. But don't get me wrong—if the American people want us to put a few Salvadorean National Guardsmen on the hotseat for doing the job, it couldn't bother me less. After all, the American people elected the guy who appointed me and what they want they get as far as I'm concerned. In fact, if Americans want a few Salvadorean dogfaces tortured before execution—well, what the hey, it'll be good for army discipline.

How about this guy Warren Hinckley? What are we a bunch of pantywaists that we put a guy like this on trial? A guy who tried to whack out our beloved C in C with exploding bullets? I tell you, if that had happened in the army, we'd have tied that boy down in a sand trap and used him for grenade practice. I think I'll have some lawyers here at State look into the matter. See if we can't get this Hinckley declared an enemy soldier or something so we can just put

a rocket through him without wasting a lot of taxpayers' dollars on a goddamn trial, which a friggin' nut like that hasn't a chance of understanding anyhow.

I guess most of you dope dolts noticed how I took a fair amount of flak for taking over command here at the White House. Apparently George Bush was supposed to be in charge. Well, who the hell has time to think of that when the rounds are pouring in. Crap! Friggin' Bush was in Texas. By the time he got back to Washington the friggin' Russkies could have walked over from their embassy and taken over the whole White House with a couple of cap guns. It was my intention to let them know that there was a seasoned officer in command and ready to take whatever measures became necessary to defend the Constitution, the American way of life and the White House perimeter.

Anyway, after Bush, apparently Tip O'Neill was supposed to be in charge. Can you imagine that? I wouldn't leave that friggin' drunk in charge of a potted plant, let alone the whole free world. Friggin' Russkies would pour some goddamn vodka on the floor and have all the loose ends tied up before Tip had finished licking the booze up.

That's all past now. You may remember, a while after that little flare-up, I shot off to the Mideast to talk some sense to the pawnbrokers and the lamp rubbers over there. I still hope to convince them to team up and attack the friggin' commies before they get attacked first. I've assured 'em that we'd be happy to help them mop up after, though of course it wouldn't look good for us to be directly involved at first.

Well, how about that space shuttle? Now we finally got that baby going, maybe we can do something about those goddamn aliens up there on the moon just waiting for the right moment to come down here and get their goddamn tentacles on our precious Drano reserves. Well, I don't want to say too much about these creeps, because it's all highly classified—except I've known of their existence for some time and your secretary of state is taking every possible precaution against the coming invasion. I tell you, between them and the Russians and Ron getting whacked I've really had a mindful lately and I don't mind telling you I've had to take quite a few Nembutals and a good deal of liquor which seems to help with the stress and helps me to sleep better too.

Our best information about the goons on the moon seems to suggest that they are from way out in space somewhere where the people look like crosses between bulldogs and octopuses pulled inside out. I figure given they look so bad they must come from a good ways out there. Part of the reason for the Nembutal and liquor being so necessary is that I have to carry practically the whole load of the knowledge of this menace to the Earth myself, as no one here at State can be trusted. Many of my closest associates may actually either be working for these space creeps or their unwitting dupes or in the employ of the secretary of defense or worse.

If by the time you read this I am no longer secretary of state, you will know that the first step of their plan has succeeded. Until next month,

AL HAIG

ZIPISTORY

SKIPPING AHEAD, IT WAS ZIPPY WHO, IN 1883, BECAME THE FIRST INDEPENDENT OWNER OF THE JUST-COMPLETED **BROOKLYN BRIDGE** ---

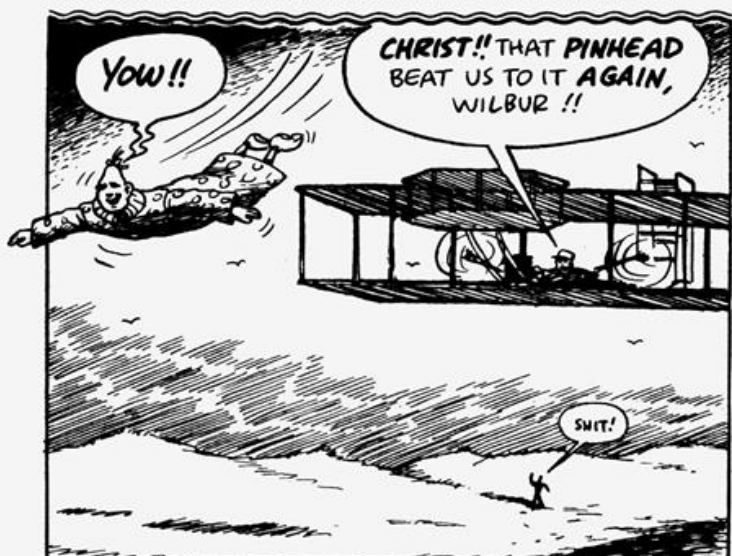
ZIPPY'S A LOT OLDER THAN HE LOOKS...IN FACT EVIDENCE HAS RECENTLY COME TO LIGHT WHICH INDICATES HE MAY HAVE BEEN A **PASSENGER** ABOARD THE **MAYFLOWER** IN 1620 ---



ZIPPY'S REACTION TO **THOMAS EDISON'S** FIRST PUBLIC DISPLAY OF HIS NEW **MOVING PICTURE MACHINE** PUZZLED HISTORIANS UNTIL THIS YEAR ---



THEN, IN 1903, ACCORDING TO CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNTS, **WILBUR** AND **ORVILLE WRIGHT** WERE GREETED BY AN UNUSUAL SIGHT THAT FATEFUL DAY AT **KITTYHAWK** ---



BACK AGAIN TO 1847 WHEN ZIPPY, A DEEPLY RELIGIOUS PERSON, ACCOMPANIED **BRIGHAM YOUNG** AND THE ORIGINAL **MORMONS** TO THE UTAH "PROMISED LAND" ---



OF COURSE, IT ALL STARTED BACK IN THE **NEOLITHIC ERA**, WHEN ZIPPY CREATED QUITE A **STIR** WITH THE VERY FIRST **WORK OF ART** ---



THOROUGHLY MODERN MORONS

©1981
BY
PETER
BAGGE

OUR NEW
"HIGH-TECH"
DECOR ALLOWS
ME TO BE
ME!

NEVER AN
ORIGINAL THOUGHT
IN HER LIFE.

AEROBICS DOES WONDERS
FOR THE LIBIDO!

OVER-
EDUCATED

HOW CAN I
PONDER OVER THE
"TIMES" WITH ALL THAT
NARCISSISTIC BABBLING
OF YOURS?

THESE MACROBIOTIC
WAFFLES ARE MURDER
ON THE INTESTINES!

LOW SERUM
COUNT

"WOODY ALLEN'S NEW
BOOK IS HIGHLY MISANTHROPIC." REMIND
ME TO SAY THAT AT TONIGHT'S PARTY!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
LET'S TAKE ALL OUR INTEL-
LECTUAL MUMBO-JUMBO
AND SHOVE IT UP OUR
ASSHOLES!

FIRST
ORIGINAL
THOUGHT.

YOUR FORGETTING
ABOUT MY HAEMORRHOIDAL
CONDITION.

MRS. STEEN'S STORY:

WHEN MY LITTLE BUFFALO WAS BORN HIS DADDY AND I
WANTED THE BEST FOR HIM. "SOMEDAY, SON," WE TOLD
HIM, "YOU'LL BE IN REAL ESTATE."



WE BROUGHT HOME EASY-TO-READ REAL ESTATE
BROCHURES. BUT ALL HE WANTED TO DO WAS
PLAY THAT DAMN ELECTRIC GUITAR.



IT BROKE A MOTHER'S HEART TO SEE
BUFFALO PLAYING IN THOSE AWFUL SALOONS
WHILE OTHER BOYS HIS AGE
WERE IN COLLEGE STUDYING
REAL ESTATE.



EVEN WHEN BUFFALO STARTED SELLING MILLIONS OF RECORDS
THE OTHER MOTHERS STILL LOOKED DOWN THEIR NOSES



FOR A WHILE I FELT ALMOST AS
IF I HAD NO SON. THEN, ON THE
DAY OF MY HYSTERECTOMY, BUFF
TOLD ME WHAT ROCK STARS DO
WITH THEIR MONEY...



HE'S GOING INTO REAL ESTATE





1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

NINTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES

127 ALL LAWS WHICH CAN BE VIOLATED without doing anyone an injury are laughed at. Nay, so far are they from doing anything to control the desires and passions of men that, on the contrary, they direct and incite men's thoughts the more toward those very objects; for we always strive toward what is forbidden and desire the things we are not allowed to have. And men of leisure are never deficient in the ingenuity needed to enable them to outwit laws framed to regulate things which cannot be entirely forbidden... He who tries to determine everything by law will foment crime rather than lessen it.

Baruch Spinoza, circa 1670

128 TO TUNE OF "AMAZING GRACE":
Amazing grass, how sweet the
smell

That saved a wretch like me!
I once was sick, but now am well
Was "H"ooked but now am free.

Popular song, 1970

129 CHRIST WAS BORN ONLY SEVERAL
hundred years ago, not when the
world was created, like peyote.

Shawnee Indian saying



130 I'D RATHER HAVE A BOTTLE IN FRONT
of me than a frontal lobotomy.

Graffito, Rathskeller,
University of Wisconsin, 1979

131 TODAY I BRONOUNCED A WORD
which should never come out of
a lady's lips it was that I caled John [her
brother] a Impudent Bitch and afterwards
[her tutor] told me that I should never say it
even in a joke but she kindly forgave me be-
cause I said that I would not do it again I
will tell you what made me in so bad a ho-
mour is I got 1 or 2 cups of that bad sina
[China] tea to Day.

Diary of Marjory Fleming
Scotch, age 7, 1810

132 SMILE, YOU'RE ON O.D.
Graffito, SoHo, 1970s



133 BETTER TO BE DRUNK AND BE ILL
than not to drink and be ill.

Banat proverb

134 DESPITE CURRENT MYTHOLOGY,
heroin is not instantly addicting,
very rarely if ever causes any serious physi-
cal damage, and often does not even produce
euphoria in normal people. Most of the popu-
lar attitudes toward heroin and the fears
about its effects are true enough for amphet-
amines. Indeed many pharmacology text-
book descriptions of heroin dangers would
be more accurate if they had been intended
to describe the perils of amphetamines.

Lester Grinspoon, M.D., and
Peter Hedblom, "Amphetamines
Reconsidered," *Saturday Review*,
July 9, 1972



Illustrations by Ned Sonntag

135 THEY... FREQUENT SODA FOUN-
tains, and from soda water, set to
drinking beer, and then brandy, and finally
whiskey.

American, 19th century

136 QUESTION: WHAT CHARACTERIS-
tics and effects would you want
a drug to have so as to make it ideal for your
own personal use?

Answer: Harmless to begin with; non-ad-
dictive, tasteless, odorless. It should make
you see like acid, make you dream like her-
oin, ball like cocaine, make you never die
like the fountain of youth. And you never
have to take it—only once. And everybody
gets it; cheap, simple to make and legal.

Subject No. 287, in article by S.
M. Pittel, in *Drug Use in
America: 2d Report of the
National Committee on
Marihuana and Drug Abuse*,
1973.

137 PEOPLE, WHO ARE MISERABLE,
will do anything, take anything,
risk anything to get out of their boring,
anxiety-ridden "average" lives. These are
the adults.

The kids (who have all of the above) have
in addition "peer (macho) pressures," and
unformed, uninformed personalities. Thus
they add to all the adult factors, a profound
devil-may-care stupidity about the possible
toxic effects of the substances they are will-
ing to ingest "as a lark."

Roasted lark was a medieval dish. Drug-
dead youths are a modern dish.

Tuli Kupferberg
June 17, 1980

NOSTALGIC TELEVISION COMICS PRESENTS
ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN

RAT CITY

ART: DREW FRIEDMAN SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN

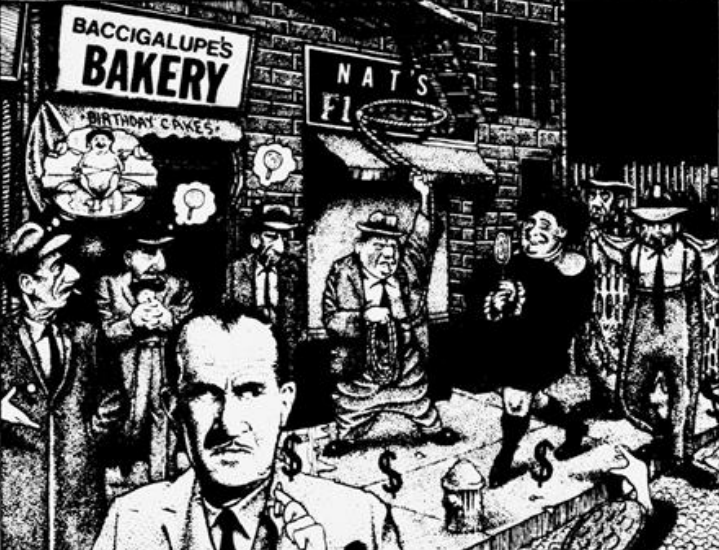
The rats were out in full regalia; a shifty-eyed breed of men, sniffing for a sucker's wallet, a free taste of squack or the easy coleslaw.



If they waited long and hard, the good Lord would bless them with a piece of cheese.



A mouth-watering sucker appeared before their eyes. Tonight's payoff would be as easy as taking candy from a pansy... One of the rats, however, sensed his prey from afar.



Sure enough, a fat boy from Paterson, New Jersey was beating the shwoogies with snake eyes.



Within moments the spiel began...

COSTELLA, I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES. I'LL GET YOU DOUBLE OR NOTHIN' ON A SMALL INVESTMENT-- YOU WON'T OWE ME A THING. KID, YOU GOT STYLE WITH THEM DICE...



Just another tap dance on the frying pan of life.



I TELL YA, THE EASY LETTUCE IS YOURS FOR THE MAKING. BUT, UH, YOU SHOULD NEVER TALK TURKEY ON AN EMPTY STOMACH... NOW, THIS JOINT HAS CLASS. BE ON YOUR BEST BEHAVIOR, COSTELLA. SHOW SOME MANNERS, WOULD YA PLEASE.

The rat would ease the rumblings of his belly with another man's wad of bills.



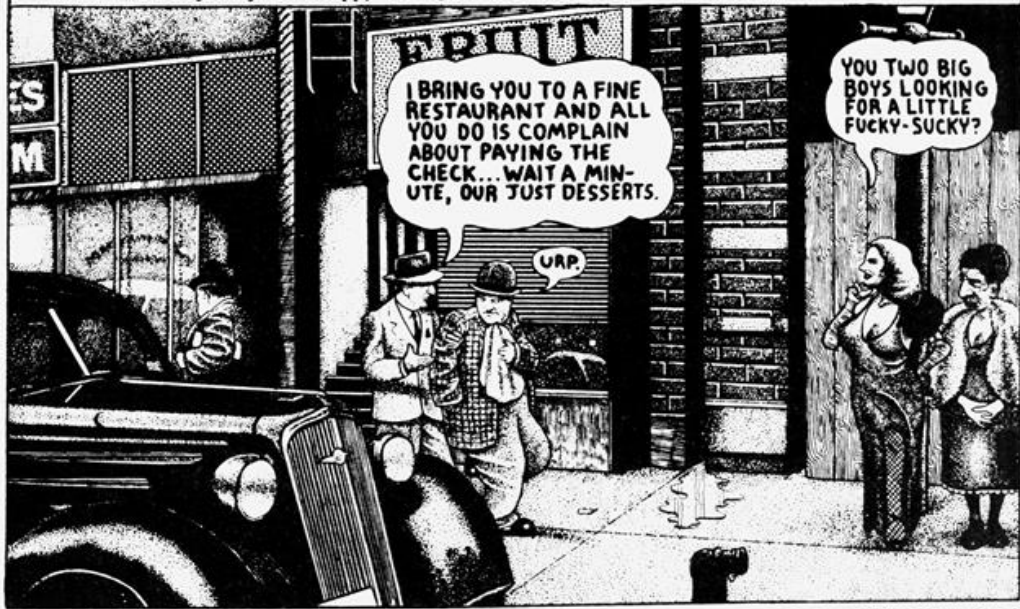
WE'LL HAVE SOUP TO NUTS, WITH EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN. AND MAKE IT SNAPPY.

YES SIR.

Service-with-a-smile brought a dog's delight.



After dinner, it was getting a little nippy out. Quiff was in the air.



New innovations in Bebop sailed over their heads. It must have been the cleavage.



The Dix hit his dizziest note, but it came out a little too reedy.

Later in the evening, an honest exchange of flesh for cash was transacted.



Another night and another man's wallet. The rat returned to his lair, ever in pursuit of life's sweet, little pleasures.



HIGH TIMES CLASSIFIED

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Stop plant theft. Install your own indoor or outdoor security system. \$195 to \$1,500. Free catalog. GREEN MOUNTAIN TECHNOLOGY, Box 6007, Santa Rosa, CA 95406.

All weather greenhouse kit. 5' wide, 8' long, 6' high. Everything included. 2-hour assembly one person. Portable, easily enlarged, \$150 plus postage. CANABA HOUSE, 1811 S. Osage, Ft. Smith, AR 72901, or call (501) 646-3978.

Next month, on the opposite page, you'll be able to purchase the single most informative source on automatic home gardening. It comes complete with simple instructions on building our revolutionary system that only needs attending once a month!

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DMSO 4 oz. \$12.95; 8 oz. \$17.95; 16 oz. \$32.95. All postage paid. Send check or money order to J. McCAFFREY, P.O. Box 5476, Clearwater, FL 33518.

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Explore the cosmic world of magic mushrooms. Grow your own from live Psilocybe cubensis mycelia. \$10 per tube, satisfaction guaranteed. SHROOMERS, P.O. Box 8, Iron Mountain, MI 49801.

PERSONALS

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Businessman of adventure and courage seeks profitable endeavor (714) 596-4374.

RECIPES

Organic THC!! From your homegrown the best high available *anywhere!* Make marijuana butter—use stalks, stems, leaves—the whole plant!! \$5. R. SMITH, P.O. Box 305, Presque Isle, ME 04769.

Recipe for terrific hash oil for just \$5. Send to RECIPE, Box 61, Lucas, KS 67648.

PUBLICATIONS

Wild American Midwestern cannabis guide. New. Maps: 124 counties in eight states. Old hemp industry information. Pick for iso oil. Send \$9.95 to GPS, INC., P.O. Box 722, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010.

Natural tobacco—Grow your own! Potent snuff! Satisfying smoke! Free details: Box 447-T2, Tesuque, NM 87574.

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MERCHANDISE

Mirror stash boxes clean your smoke. Line your coke. The best stash box on the market. \$10. EXPRESSIONS IN GLASS, P.O. Box 5072, Scottsdale, AZ 85261.

Fireworks, buy direct. Price list, send \$1 to ACE FIREWORKS, P.O. Box 221, Dept. HT, Conneaut, OH 44030.

Snow papers. 3.5" squared. 480 papers \$6. Check or money order, KRAIG STIEGELMEIER, Box 744, Frisco, CO 80443.

Don't get busted. Learn your rights, play the all-new game Cops 'N Dopers. Send: \$8 to GAME, P.O. Box 2003, Weirton, WV 26062.

Buttons—Immoral Minority. High quality. \$1. REALITY DEVELOPMENTS, Box 191, East Lansing, MI 48823.

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Fantasy products. Unicorns, dragons, wizards, SF buttons, stickers, notecards, etc. Free catalog. T-K GRAPHICS, Dept. HT, Box 1951, Baltimore, MD 21203.

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SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

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high enough. It took six successive jolts to put Kemmler entirely on the Yonder Side, by which time the Death House at Sing-Sing smelled like a Boy Scout barbecue. "I would rather see ten hangings," the physician in attendance estimated, "than one execution like this."

It was an equivocal demonstration of the lethality of the "Westinghouse current," as Old Tom was calling it, but it caught on eventually, and people are using it today to fry each other legally. With proper modifications, Edison showed the Hearst papers how you could fry live dogs, calves, and ultimately a horse. But it never got him anywhere. Inside ten years, Edison was renting AC from Westinghouse by the megawatt.

At least Old Tom had the cold comfort of knowing that none of the money he paid for Westinghouse juice was going to its abominated developer, Nikola Tesla. The impudent Croat had put on some stupendous stage shows at the height of the electric-chair controversy. This is where he would galvanize and disintegrate metal plates with his bare fingers, strobing and flaring magnificently in his tux and cummerbund, before awed thousands at the Academy of Music and Carnegie Hall. It wasn't the *voltage*, he'd solemnly explain in his lugubrious Lugosi accent, as thousands of volts flickered through his sleek black hair follicles, it was the *amperage* that put the kick in the juice. Then he'd hit an amp switch, and rainbows of sizzling electromagnetism would shoot up into the rafters, leaving folks blinking away the retinal afterimages for ten minutes.

The performances were so—well—*electrifying*, that the promoters of the very first World's Fair, the Columbia Exposition in Chicago, 1893, picked the Westinghouse current for illumination, despite all Edison's propaganda. Nikola did such an extravagant job of wiring the place up, George Westinghouse actually wound up slightly in the hole because of it. Or so he told Nikola, anyway. George's creditors, he presently told Tesla with convincing trepidation, were about to call in his slips, but he didn't personally have the collateral to cover them all. If they were to put the squeeze on him now, Westinghouse declared, that'd mean postponing a lot of grand new power projects, and abandoning others outright. Whereas, if George could only tell his money people that Nikola Tesla had handed over to Westinghouse all the royalty rights to AC horsepower produced in the USA...

'Twas done. 'Twas nothing. Ha! What were *royalties*, mere static pelf, to Nikola Tesla? If it meant forging ahead more quickly on the historic Niagara Falls hydroelectric project, why, this crazy Croat would gladly pay hard cash out of his own pocket! So with a scratch of a pen on a piece of paper in George Westinghouse's offices, with plenty of witnesses conveniently present, Nikola Tesla impatiently signed away a few-score

million dollars in potential AC *mazuma*.

The Niagara project was a virtual mystical experience for Nikola. By 1895 he had, with his own hands, harnessed the most colossal natural source of concentrated hydraulic power in the United States and hitched it up to his own alternating-current electrodynamic grid. He even showed the foremen at Alcoa how most efficiently to use it to extract aluminum out of bauxite ore. When all the lights in Buffalo went on, in the homes of rich and poor alike, each glowing with equal brilliance thanks to Niagara Falls AC, it positively made Tesla feel like Prometheus Fire-Giver himself.

**The earth reacted violently,
rippling and hopping like
all the fiends in hell.**

Hubris, it's called. When humans take on the airs of the gods—even sweet, balmy young geniuses like Nikola Tesla—the gods get back to them presently, and none too gently.

Even though, after that royalty giveaway to Westinghouse, Tesla's income was now pretty much circumscribed by his personal bank account, he'd never accept a steady job from Westinghouse. He tried running the Pittsburgh operation for a while, but it was a ballocks. He found it impossible to *teach*, utterly impossible, but even the brightest engineers at Westinghouse were whole technological epochs behind him. "To do creative work," he kept protesting, "I must be completely free."

So he cut loose, went back to his New York electric company, and went broke in stupendous fashion. He was getting a little weird now, even weirder than before. "I look forward with absolute confidence to sending messages through the earth without wires. I also have great hopes of transmitting electrical force in the same way without waste." He *would* free humanity of those stupid copper wires, if it was the last thing he did. "I must first ascertain exactly how many vibrations to the second are caused by disturbing the mass of electricity which the earth contains..."

He was talking wireless radio communications, of course, which we ordinarily associate with the name Marconi. For Tesla, though, this petty business of bouncing signal impulses up through the magnetosphere, from a land-based transmitter to a land-based receiver, was only *prelude* to some immensely grander notion about driving signals down into the earth itself and having them burst out elsewhere, immeasurably amplified.

But he was content to start from comparative scratch, with an upward-shooting transmitter on the roof of his electric company. The receiver he put on a boat, which he sent 25 miles up the Hudson to wait for the frequency beep. It never arrived. Typical of Tesla's life, the lab somehow caught fire just

then: all his equipment, models, notes, and a big bundle of hard cash up in smoke, with no insurance. *Insurance?* Nikola Tesla had more important things to do with his money than haggle with insurance agents, those troglodytic slaves to Mammon.

An investor promptly came through with \$40,000, quite properly. Wouldn't *you* have put 40K on the man who'd wired Niagara Falls, Alcoa, and the whole city of Buffalo, and never asked for a farthing in royalties? After Nikola got *through* with that 40K, though, investors were very tough for him to come by, very tough indeed.

First of all, there was the embarrassing incident of this earthquake. Now, you can't say this project didn't work; in fact, it worked superbly, beyond all reasonable expectations. It was the work of a madman, that's all.

Nikola had built this grand new lab on West Houston Street, over by the Brooklyn Bridge, which was barely ten years old. Now, the ground in that part of town was sandy loam, so sandy that the bridge's builders had had to lay in a Great Pyramid's worth of solid limestone for foundation. The rest of lower Manhattan was largely sandy. Good, fine-grained, tightly packed sand. Very firm, but very friable. *Resonant* stuff, if you were to hit it just right.

Tesla set up a compressed-steel hammer, see, and set it to steadily tapping a metal template that went deep, deep into the Manhattan loam. He knew that soldiers on the march in long columns have to purposely break step any time they cross a bridge, lest the regular tramp-tramp-tramp of hobnails gradually disintegrate the bridge. Nikola had an intuition into the physics involved in this, and he used lower Manhattan to prove it.

Sure enough, the regular bash-bash-bash of Tesla's hammer began generating shock waves among the subterranean sand particles. Through a receiving gimmick at the hammer site, Tesla's engineers began recording a really phenomenal and steadily mounting input of rebound energy, while the steel hammer just bashed away steadily, monotonously. By and by they were getting 5, 10, 15 times more energy back out of the ground than it took to run the hammer's air compressor. *Eureka!* This was something better than *perpetual motion*! Just hook the hammer's compressor up to a generator powered by this feedback gimmick and you'd have not just enough to run the hammer, but more left over to...

At about that point, the noise of sirens and shrieks began to become audible over the clamor of the compressor and the bash-bash-bash of the hammer. Nothing at all untoward was happening at Tesla's lab, which was sort of ground zero for this phenomenon. However, every kilowatt of rebound energy he was picking up there represented just the *detritus* of the phenomenal energy exchange that was going on amongst the resonant sandy-loam particles of all lower Manhattan. In ever-expanding concentric circles around Tesla's lab, the earth was re-

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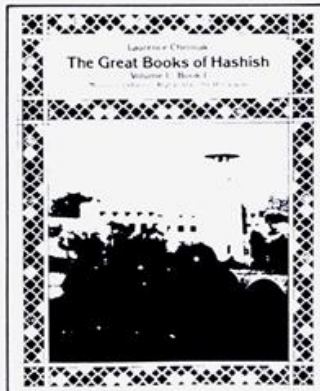
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acting violently, rippling and hopping and bellowing like all the fiends in hell. Shingles were raining off the roofs, lamps were falling from the ceilings, and panicked horses were careening their carriages over the quaking cobblestones, casting passengers in every direction.

The police finally located the source of the calamity and burst into the Tesla Electric Company on West Houston. They got there just in time to see the inventor himself, like the very Sorcerer's Apprentice, whaling frantically away at his air-compressor with a sledgehammer. Prometheus Fire-Giver was all well and good, but Nikola Tesla had no wish at all to be Poseidon Earth-Shaker.

He prudently left town to spend the rest of the 40K. This time he set up shop in Colorado, where a local power company guaranteed him all the wattage and wide-open space he could use. Since Tesla was never a *teacher*, a lot of the stuff he did there has never been suitably explained to this day. It still drives certain people crazy to think about it. Abandon hope, all ye techies who read further in this piece, for here there be Dragons.



It had to do with a 200-foot metal mast surmounted by a four-foot copper ball, dominating the lonesome Colorado prairie under Pike's Peak. Below this pylon, in a shed, sat Tesla's "magnifying transformer," extruding a primary coil that wound about a 75-foot-diameter fence and stretched up aloft to make contact with the giant copper ball, or "electrode."

**FZZZZAFT!
BUH-
VIZZZZH!
WAP!
WAP!
KA-ZA-
BOMBA-
BOMBA!**

No comic-book writer could ever do justice to the sound effects broadcast by that God-awful machine; the visual display would be a challenge to George Lucas. Tesla was casting lightning bolts as high as the Empire State Building, and that was just the stray skim-off from the 12 million volts he was able to pump through this baby continuously. When visitors wanted impressing, Nikola would put up in the night sky whole extended ballets of many-colored "globe

lightning." He did this for kicks, and never bothered telling anybody how, which is a sorrowful thing, because physicists *still* don't know what globe lightning is, or where it comes from.

He dispensed with wires at last. With his Pike's Peak gimmick—which was only the *demonstrator* model—Tesla was presently lighting electric bulbs 25 miles away, no hands, no wires, nothing up the sleeves. And he was too busy to explain *that* one either, so it's never been done since.

What he was so almighty busy with was geomagnetic phenomena. With his 200-foot, multimillion-volt transformer, Nikola was jamming megafixes of pure juice into Mother Earth, to see how much lightning he could call down out of God's sky to restabilize the local electromagnetic setup. At least this was one *part* of what he was doing, as frantically as possible, while the money held out. His broader project had something to do with precisely measuring the exact wattage of potential resonance between the electricity within the earth and the electricity in the sky above it. He swore he did it, too, and knew *exactly* how to provide limitless free energy through manipulating it all.

Free, fools, *free!* Every home running its own electric lights. Every factory running its own machines. Things unheard of, undreamt of, things to make the heart soar, things to chill the guts with horror. And every megawatt of it *free!* Free forever!



In the meantime, there was the little matter of at least one meal every few days for Nikola Tesla, a roof over his head, a bed to sleep in. After *FAAZAFT*-ing away that \$40,000 on an earthquake and some 200-foot-tall white elephant at Pike's Peak, Nikola was flat broke. And no sane investor would answer his calls, either.

Well, he wasn't *flat* broke. It might have been *better* if Tesla had been flat broke at this point, scrabbling and desperate, ready to grasp at any straw, but also to think two jumps ahead for once. The fact was, though, he did still pull a dollar out of every horsepower unit generated by Westinghouse AC in Europe. Considering the U.S.-European rate of exchange back then, this wasn't exactly handsome, but it grew as Europe steadily industrialized. And eventually the government of Hungary, unspeakably proud of this son of their soil—who had wired the fabulous Niagara Falls, laid on him a \$7,200 annuity for life—a bourgeois income back then. So Tesla, never given to women or booze or gambling anyway, always did have enough to live on, if never nearly enough to work with.

He had enough time to try to *teach*, just a little, once he got back to New York and moved into a respectable though non-Waldorf residential hotel. In a few magazine articles around 1899, Nikola managed to get across the elements of his scheme for wire-

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LSD '81

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the habit of hyping their products, like so many zealous camel drivers swearing on their sisters' maidenheads, as the purest, the freshest, the best since Sandoz. That behavior seems to be a holdover from the days when what was sold on the street as acid maybe was and maybe wasn't. Protecting their turf, the few secure sources of supply began printing increasingly elaborate trademarks on their blotters. Tetras vied with blue dolphins. Sorcerer's Apprentice, with its state-of-the-art logo, was released in 1980.

Standardization of doses has gone a long way to increase the popularity of acid and reduce the Russian roulette aspects of dropping L. One West Coast concern includes a marketing kit when a buyer purchases 100,000 hits in liquid form. The kit illustrates the fine points of commercial LSD preparation: how to dilute the psychedelic solution; if it's to be "window pane," how to mold the gelatin and at what temperature; the logistics of impregnating and stamping blotter. Instead of tediously eye-dropping doses onto tiny squares of blotter paper, volume dealers soak an entire sheet of blotter paper in liquid LSD, then use an electronic scale to weigh how much liquid is absorbed. The weight of LSD absorbed is divided by the number of hits on the sheet to determine the individual dose. The solution is strengthened or weakened accordingly.

With doses way down and toxic chemicals pretty much off the market, there are few if any LSD "victims" ending up in hospitals and jails these days. Sales of the Tibetan Book of the Dead are way down, and in general the acid scene seems to be keeping a low profile. But it does seem inevitable that LSD will become a social phenomenon again, for better or worse. Already, the first ridiculously misinformed media stories on the drug are appearing. The *New York Post* recently ran a story under the headline LSD-LACED SNOOPY STAMPS HITTING THE STREETS. A careful reading of the article revealed the following:

Zeroing in on the kiddie trade, local drug pushers are peddling cute little "lick 'n' stick" stamps featuring Snoopy, Mickey Mouse and other favorite cartoon figures—and laced with heavy doses of LSD.

"It's just one more comic book cartoon character used to lure unsuspecting youths to take the drug," said Lt. Brian Hillen, a police spokesman. Authorities here and elsewhere are worried that young children might mistake the cute color stamps for harmless tattoos and lick them.

The authorities did not, however, describe how the pushers got the kids to fork over \$2 apiece for a tattoo on a bit of paper less than one-quarter inch square. The article rounded off by calling the LSD tabs (*sic*) "the latest high-school drug fad." Can tall tales of acid-heads going blind by staring into the sun be far behind? □

The Who played what many insiders claim was their last concert ever on March 28 in a special performance along with the Grateful Dead. The show was a German production called Rockpalast, a concert series designed to defray the cost of admission by televising the event over various networks. Fans paid only about \$2 for their tickets, but an audience of millions watched the show live on television all across Europe.

"There is no truth to the rumor that the band is breaking up," said a spokesman for the Who. "That's just a distortion by the press of a rather normal onstage disagreement between Townshend and Daltrey. They saw them fighting and assumed there was dissension in the group."

The incident referred to happened in early February during a benefit concert for battered wives at London's Rainbow Theatre. It was the first London date in the English tour to promote *Face Dances*, the first record made by the new lineup that was assembled following original Who drummer Keith Moon's death. About halfway through the set, while they played "Behind Blue Eyes," lead singer Roger Daltrey stopped singing and complained bitterly that his monitors weren't working. Townshend, meanwhile, seemed strained, and during "Drowned," he sang, "I don't want to die, I'm thirty-six and I don't want to die."

As the show ended, Daltrey hurled his microphone to the stage in disgust and declared, "That's it. No encore." Townshend remained onstage and told the crowd: "You have a quiet time, chat among yourselves and we'll see what we can do." Finally the band returned for an encore, but when they returned to the dressing room they fought angrily. As bassist John Entwistle walked out of the room in which Townshend and Daltrey were still fighting, he asked a bystander, "Fancy a job playing bass with the Who tomorrow?"

Townshend's postconcert remarks did suggest that he was fed up with the Who as a stage band. "If I suddenly said today that I didn't want to play anymore," he complained, "it would be very complex—it might involve twenty or thirty contracts and my responsibilities to other people, and there are lots of other factors that would make it complicated. But I believe quite seriously that there is a point at which a road performer should stop. I think setting a date to retire is something to consider. It's something I'm really aware of."

While it's easy enough to pass this incident off as another in the long series of blowups that have peppered the Who's career (during rehearsals for *Quadrophonia*, Townshend and Daltrey had such a furious battle that the guitarist ended up being knocked out by the lead singer), Townshend has been saying for several years that his touring days are numbered. Then, when the band hurriedly canceled a whole European tour with the exception of the Rockpalast gig, the feeling that it was all over mounted again. "This time there will be more than the usual speculation that the band is splitting," Who press officer Keith Altham said, "because of the canceled tour. But I think that Pete is genuinely confused about what his next move needs to be, and after a couple of months' rest, which he really needs, the prospects will be much brighter."

At the band's Rampart studio, where final

arrangements for the impending TV concert were being hammered out, Roger Daltrey paced the waiting room nervously, waiting for Townshend to show up for a vocal rehearsal that never materialized. Inside the studio, John Entwistle was working on the final mix of an album he'd been recording with Joe Walsh and Joe Vitale.

Entwistle admitted that the breakup rumors were going around. "The main reason for this is the European tour that's been canceled," he explained. "What people have got to realize is that we did four American tours starting with the Madison Square Garden business. We did four after that, then we went straight into the Who album, then another tour, then straight from the album into rehearsals for another tour, which was another two months. I think what we realized is that there's no use us spreading a tour out; we might as well just get it knocked out in one month rather than spread it over three because you still stay wound up, you've still got your suitcase unpacked in the hall. Your whole home life is in a turmoil for the duration of the tour so it just feels like we were doing a two-month tour instead of a one-month tour. We could have gotten it all over and done with in one month. The Europe tour was spread over three months so we just said whoa, I'm not gonna do that again, spend three months living out of a suitcase in your own home."

"So we put it off until we could make it a more feasible proposition. If we can condense it all into one month, we'll probably do it. Also, we've gotta get another album together after this one. It takes a long time. We can't just release an album and release another one six months later. It's always taken the Who a long time to record, to amass enough material for a suitable album. So we've got a busy year ahead of us, anyway, writingwise and other things. There are sort of tentative plans that we'll skip Europe and maybe do an American tour first and then maybe if we do another album promote that in Europe. But it just depends on how we feel after we've had a couple of months off. Maybe we'll be screaming to get back, and maybe we'll say, let's take another four months off."

Entwistle's perspective on the potential breakup is pretty reasoned. He's seen this situation before and knows the group is capable of riding it out. At the same time, though, he seemed more wary than usual. "The only thing that worries me about time off," he said, "is that whenever we've had time off in the past it's turned into two years off or three years off and if I even feel that it's going that way I'm just gonna have to confront the rest of the band and say, look, are we gonna do this American tour, are we gonna do this condensed version of Europe, or are we gonna take two years off? If so, I'll just serve notice that I'll be touring with someone else for the next two years. I'm not prepared to waste time anymore. Time is precious when you're pushing forty."

Entwistle's most likely post-Who move would be to hook up with Joe Walsh. In fact, the record the two have made together is so good they might try to arrange a short tour even if the Who continue to perform and record. "I've always wanted to play with Joe,"

Don Blonde



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Entwistle said, "ever since I first saw him with the James Gang. We've been talking about playing together for a long time. When I did the Ox gigs in the States we were special guest stars with Joe Walsh and Barnstorm. We talked about playing together then because we've always admired each other's playing. I wouldn't say it's impossible that we'll tour together, it's just whether our careers will coincide in the right way. It took me two years to get two months out of him. What'll it take to get a tour? There's a certain point in the Who's career where they're gonna stop working on-stage and I'm gonna have to find another way to get out there again, and the same with the Eagles, so who knows, there might be a possibility in the future. I can't think of anybody I'd rather work with."

The Who played brilliantly at the Rockpalast, with keyboardist John "Rabbit" Bundrick and drummer Kenney Jones, the two newest members, showing especially well. Rabbit's blend of piano, organ and synthesizer fits better into the band's sound as he goes along, and here he added excellent playing to two of the new songs, "Don't Let Go the Coat" and "You Better You Bet." Jones really came to the fore on "Drowned," one of several songs from *Quadrophenia*, pushing Townshend to some of his best guitar playing of the night. Although Entwistle's two featured songs, "The Quiet One" and "Twist and Shout," weren't televised because only about an hour of the set was broadcast, his powerful bass lines carried the band along beautifully. Daltrey, whose singing was one of the high points of *Face Dances*, was at his best for the broadcast, charging through the end of the stirring new *Face Dances* anthem, "Another Tricky Day." While Daltrey reached for screams at the top of his range, Entwistle and Jones locked into a powerful vamp and Townshend played a breathtaking rhythmic call-and-response with Daltrey, a hard-edged choogle that elicited one of the most enthusiastic responses of the night.

Other high points of the show were a tremendous version of "Who Are You," in which Townshend played really well, a hard rocking "5:15" and a powerful version of their classic "My Generation."

The Grateful Dead followed the Who and were not as sharp for the televised portion, which consisted of the first of their two sets that night. The band just never got off the ground, although at moments, particularly during "Shakedown Street," they seemed poised to break through. The Dead were unworried during the break between sets, however. "Generally speaking," laughed Garcia, "the more people expect, the worse we are. In other words, the bigger the stakes, the more important it is that we make a good showing, the more likely we are to blow it. The paramount example was Woodstock—we were just plum atrocious. Jeez, we were awful."

Sure enough, once the cameras were turned off and the band returned for the second set, the magic was all there. Garcia soloed beautifully and toward the end of the set Pete Townshend plugged in and dualed with Jerry. Many fans were boggled at the lead guitarists from the Who and Grateful Dead playing the same music, but John Entwistle, for one, saw nothing strange at all about it. "We're exactly the same," he laughed, "except that we have shorter hair." □

INTERVIEW: TOMMY RETTIG

continued from page 69

computer study showing that unless some major consumer item can be reduced by a very large amount in a very short period of time, there's no way to avoid the complete downfall of Western civilization. Capitalism is kaput. That is the only way that all drugs would get legalized overnight. Let's face it. People aren't ready to admit that yet, though, because too many fortunes are being made off drugs' being illegal.

It's an opportunity to make a prodrug statement. It's an opportunity to put HIGH TIMES on film. See, what I'm *not* saying is that recreational drug use is desirable. What I *am* saying is that prohibition doesn't work. Period. Right now people don't want to talk about drugs—that was the issue of the '60s. There are more important issues, they say now between toots at cocktail parties. And hell, you go to any studio set, and half the people are snorting coke, smoking pot, taking Quaaludes in between takes.

I want to get controversial with this, make people think. The only thing that can happen is for drug users to come out of the closet. There are at least forty million recreational drug users in the country. I mean, where does the HIGH TIMES readership come from? You just read the interviews in HIGH TIMES and all these prominent people with something to lose, they're not saying, "Yeah, I do a little acid on the weekends, snort a little coke after dinner, do a joint before bed." They're saying, "Yeah, sure, I used to use drugs but I don't anymore." The point is that recreational drug users have to unite the way black people, gay people and the women's movement did. The problem is that we've all "gotten past" that. Drugs are no longer "real important." Drugs *can't* be that important. When drugs become important is when you're abusing them. If you're simply using them, they're just another toy, that's all.

HIGH TIMES: What drugs do you do now?

RETTIG: I smoke a little pot occasionally and I drink occasionally. Shit, that's that same answer you read in the HIGH TIMES interviews I was talking about before. "Yeah, I smoke a little dope now and then, always less than an ounce." It's precisely because of what's legal and what isn't that people have to come out of the closet and say, "Yeah, I use all kinds of drugs..."

HIGH TIMES: What, then, is the meaning of life?

RETTIG: Life is a B movie. It's poorly written, badly cast, horribly directed, plotless, doesn't always have an ending—much less a happy one—and it drags on and on until you get pretty tired of the reruns after a while.

HIGH TIMES: And what did you learn from doing a show with a dog?

RETTIG: Lassie taught me the dog's philosophy.

HIGH TIMES: Which is?

RETTIG: If you can't eat it or fuck it, piss on it. □

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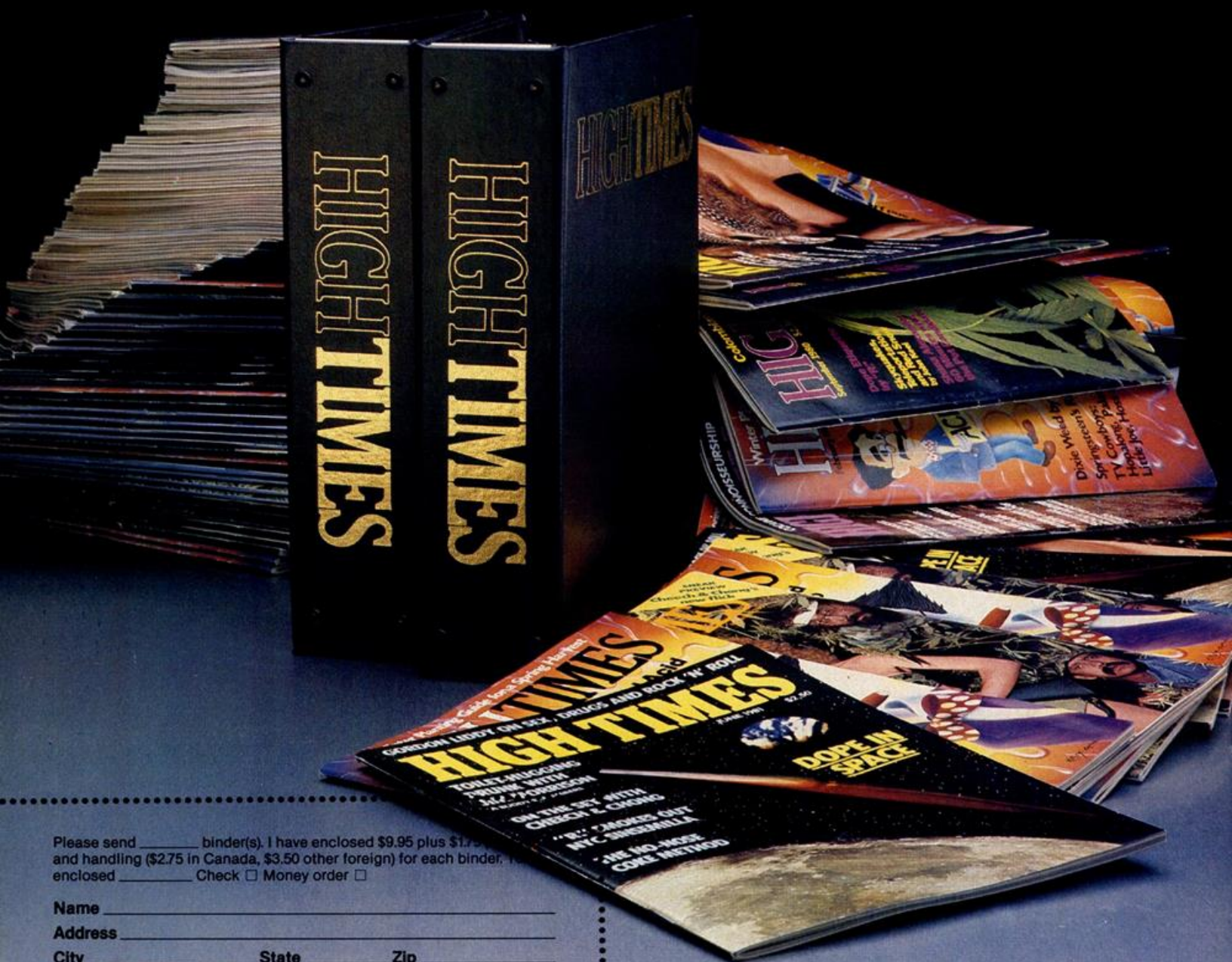
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less sound-signal transmission. These articles came to the attention of J.P. Morgan, were translated into layspeak for the great man, and he pounced.

Morgan had loads of money invested in electronic communications gimmicks: telephone, telegraph, Edison's developing phonograph and cinematography projects and so on. Whatever was going to develop in this area, J.P. Morgan was going to have his thumb on it and get his piece of it. More than that, if developments proceeded to pick up *apace* in this area, then by God it would be J.P. Morgan who *set* that pace, sir. Unstructured development is chancy business, damned chancy, especially for your philanthropic investor. Terrible thing. A man buys up a new mousetrap design, builds a plant and a line for it, tools up the tools to make it, takes on a whole assembly staff—at *modern* wages—and right then, bank on it, some beady-eyed loon with ink on his fingers comes up with a *better* mousetrap. Keep an eye on them damn beady-eyed, ink-finger types, sir. Pin 'em down. Buy 'em up. Drive 'em crazy if you have to, they're all half-crazy to start with, anyway.

So Nikola Tesla was duly visited in his hotel by emissaries of the omnipotent Morgan, who offered him \$150,000 down for a 51 percent interest in any future patents Tesla might be awarded. Since Morgan in the same year gave a cool million to the Harvard Medical School and bought Andrew Carnegie out of U.S. Steel, this 150K was manifestly chicken feed, a mere flea-flick. But Tesla signed over the controlling interest in his brain, for the rest of his life, to J.P. Morgan. If Tesla had been physically hungry or shelterless, now, he might at *least* have insisted on a clean 50-50 split. But he was just comfortable enough to have a proper genius's contempt for all things material, so he tossed it all away with another scratch of the pen. Because, y'see, Morgan's flunkies told him Morgan himself would underwrite all Tesla's future development projects as well.

That's what they told him, all right. They even gave him *carte blanche* to put up one of his mystery monster-transmitters at Shoreham, Long Island: a huge plant surmounted by a 187-foot tower, from which Tesla would shoot all the electric power for the grand Paris Exposition of 1903—all the way across the almighty *Atlantic*, no hands, no wires, nothing up his sleeve.

Then, just months before the exposition was to open, while Nikola was still copperplating his 150-foot-diameter "electrode," J.P. Morgan cut him off without another penny. The great man gave no reason for it, just a perfect stonewall; he wouldn't speak to Tesla himself, or authorize any of his flunkies to talk to him. Of course, they'd *promised* to underwrite Tesla's projects, sworn it with a hearty handshake that turned him green around the gills. But they hadn't promised it

continued on next page

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SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

continued from preceding page

on paper, y'see. You just don't understand our American sense of humor, Tesla.



It was undoubtedly just as well, for everyone in the world but Nikola Tesla. As time went on, and relatively sane people like Guglielmo Marconi got into this deep and murky business, it turned out that what this crazy Croat had been talking about, since the 1880s, had been microwave transmission.

Among the very few patents poor Nikola was *not* screwed out of over his life was one that described long-distance radio transmission: antenna, grounding, frequency, tuning, the works. Morgan sat on it firmly, of course, and some 15 years later Marconi finally developed the gimmick himself, absolutely independently. Still, the competing patents hung in limbo until 1940, when Tesla was officially awarded the priority title in preference to the man already and forever remembered as the "father of radio." The development of television was similarly complicated by preexisting Tesla patents, and still today, geniuses of space-age gimmickry keep running up against century-old patented precognitions by this crazy Croat.

The contemporary idea of furnishing the earth with unlimited microwave energy generated by sunlight in gigantic orbiting transformers, and beamed down to the planet, is a minor modification of a Tesla patent. Scientists in the United States, the Soviet Union, Canada, China, Western Europe, Brazil and God only knows where else, are competing pell-mell to physically implement this turn-of-the-century Tesla epiphany. Microwaves from outer space: free, infinitely self-replenishing, radioactive electrical energy.

Of course, ecologists guarantee that the microwave energy would permanently disorder the entire geomagnetosphere, altering climate unpredictably, and the earth-sited receiver-transformers would be hideously poisonous to life for miles in all directions. If the slightest thing were to go wrong with one of the orbital transformer-broadcasters (remember Skylab?), it conceivably could char zebra streaks of slow death and destruction 'round and 'round the turning globe before engineers could locate it and shut it down.

But it'd be everlasting, and best of all, *not* free in the least. Orbital microwave systems would take billions on billions to develop, and forever after, someone as evil as Edison, Westinghouse and J.P. Morgan put *together* would always have a finger on the on-off button, charging us all money for every minute he refrained from turning it off.



Nikola Tesla, early on, guaranteed that he had something much nobler and more humanitarian than this in his head, fully formed, a physical presence there, needing

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only the opportunity to be physically developed. It might be very illuminating to know what it was, or very scary, or merely funny.

Probably it would be merely funny. When Tesla died in 1943, the FBI went through his place and carried off all his papers while the body was still warm. There was one hell of a war on just then, and if Nikola ever had come up with an infinite-energy source—or a way of devastating half the planet, either—it would certainly have been physically demonstrated by the U.S. armed forces well before August 8, 1945. But that was some other genius's brainstorm, not Tesla's.



As for poor Nikola, it would be entertaining but depressing to cover the last 40 years of his life in detail. After Morgan screwed him in 1903, Tesla very slowly but steadily drifted off the deep end, and he had a long, long time to drift, too. He started making friends at last, around that time—with pigeons. Big, fat, filthy, lice-ridden Manhattan gutter turkeys: Tesla, who could not have kissed Sarah Bernhardt on the lips in her ravishing prime, for fear of "germs," coaxed New York City park pigeons to his hotel rooms, by the dozens, and let them nest and shit all over the place, while he taught them everything about physics which mere humans could never learn. Needless to say, he was continually getting evicted.

He turned into an entertaining old crank, after he got 60-ish. Sunday-supplement writers found him a dependable source of diverting comment, prattling on about gem-focused "death rays," faster-than-light interplanetary communications systems, climate modifications through magnetic manipulation of the ionosphere, and other impossible science-fiction goosebumpers. Someday, he swore, mankind would inevitably evolve out of all this untidiness around us and graduate into "the perfect society of the bee." Yes, yes, he'd drone on, avoiding eye contact with the reporter while stroking the pigeon in his lap, "the perfect society of the bee."

The night he died—September 14, 1943—was marked by a late-summer Manhattan thunderstorm, one of those magnificent electromagnetic displays that dependably impress even visitors from Brazzaville and Rio de Janeiro. Old Tesla, the 86-year-old virgin, was feeling his oats in proper fashion that night. The radio patent had set him up in a swell supermodern skyscraper, with a spacious balcony looking out over the wonderfully resonant canyons of midtown. Nikola, 'tis said, stood out there on the balcony all the way through the thunderstorm, sort of choreographing the flash and forksplit with vigorous élan. But when he came back in, he looked rather wistful, maybe even a little disappointed. "I have made much better lightning in my life," Nikola Tesla apologized.

A few hours later, he died in his sleep. The doctor said it was natural causes, but more likely it was terminal hubris. □

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of merely paralyzing overpriced sinsemilla have probably done more to preserve the beautiful spectrum of possibility than any of Latimer's ravings.

Unfortunately, Latimer, writing out of a sense of his own insignificance, attributes to the Connoisseur more power than I actually have. After an obviously fraudulent tribute to some "lamb's bread" he claims he smoked and liked (believe me, it was probably a Carlton Light with some oregano—he wouldn't know the difference), Latimer claims that if "R." wanted to, he could "just by putting pen to paper put Caribbean ganja at the top of the charts from San Francisco to East Berlin."

Unfortunately, things aren't that simple outside the safe world of Latimer's little cubicle. In fact, two years ago in "R."s First Annual Pot Awards, I named Jamaican lamb's bread Best High of the year, and I wrote a recent column extolling its spiritual qualities. But the unfortunate island nation of Jamaica is still recovering from the brutality of the DEA-sponsored Vietnam-style defoliation attacks on its herb-growing regions as well as its satellite surveillance and aerial shoot-downs of the brave smuggling air force and navy, and it's beyond my power to do anything but encourage the consumer to take advantage of whatever gets through.

Having demolished the individual errors of judgment and taste that Latimer makes, let's get to the heart of the matter: a crippling internal flaw in Latimer's reasoning. While he claims that both growers and antimarijuana government scientists are obsessed and single-minded about THC percentage as the only determinant of the high, Latimer himself is a victim of pseudoscientific reductionism. It's unfortunate that a little knowledge can be a dangerous thing, but in denouncing the THC obsession Latimer substitutes his own obsession with CBD (cannabidiol) and CBN (cannabinol) ratios.

Although dozens of writers have written about the different effects of these psychoactive constituents of marijuana smoke, Latimer acts as if he's discovered the wheel when he writes about them. Like the math-obsessed idiots in the government labs, he attributes subtle evanescent events in consciousness merely to mathematical ratios of CBD to CBN. Like them, he reduces the complex glory of a high to some mechanical-chemical reaction. Listen to this: "Then, shortly after, CBD kicks in with this tidal underswell of pure profundity," he writes. Way to go, Latimer, big advance in human thought there. I think we'd all be better off if Latimer would stick to attacking the stupidity of scientists: He has an uncanny understanding of their thought processes. And, yes, maybe he should actually try getting high and actually reading HIGH TIMES before he gives into another delusional impulse and attacks some specter that exists only in his Bell's-brained head. □

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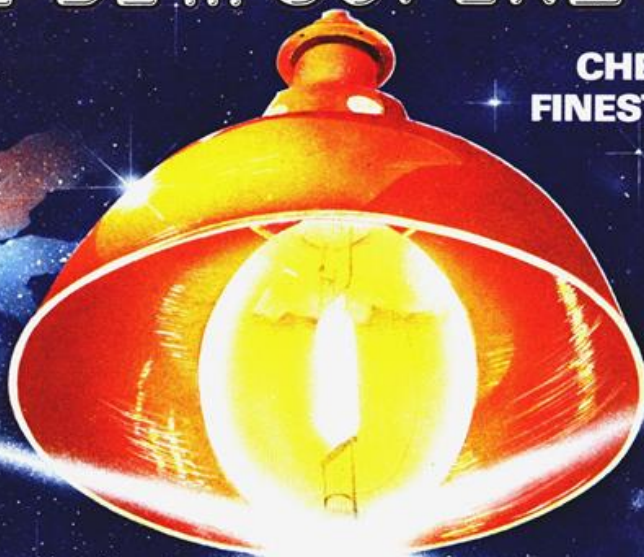
You get the smartest professional horticultural fixture with maximum reflection and perfect distribution of grolite power for
coverage of up to 100 sq. feet. It's compact, easy-to-handle and designed to lower heat concentration so you can get it
closer to your plants for even faster growth!

You would expect to pay up to \$400 for less equipment with fewer important
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*30 day money-back guarantee and one year replacement warranty on any defective parts.

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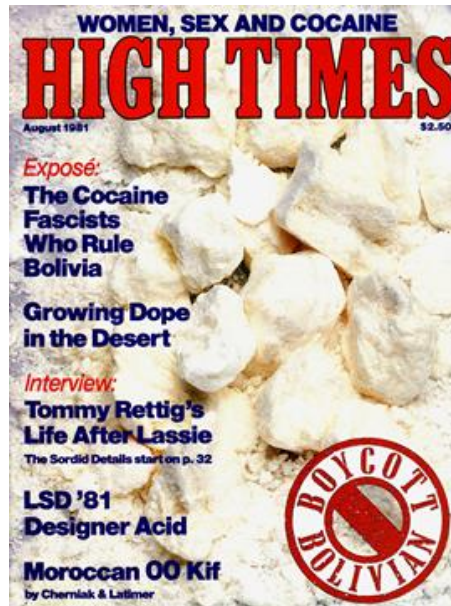
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